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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Improvisatore: or, Life in Italy. From the Danish of Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by Mary Howitt. 2 vols. 12mo. London, R. Bentley.

PUBLICATIONS in the more common form of three volumes we can generally dismiss with justice in a single No. of the *Gazette*, and too often in a single paragraph—sometimes, but for the sake of quasi-literary history, they had better not be noticed at all, as they descend to the butterman's and cheesemonger's—but these two volumes agree so well with our taste, that we perceive we must call the attention of our readers to them for two or, it may be, three weeks to come. The truth is, that productions which come strictly within the definition of *belles lettres* or polite literature are extremely rare, and this alone would recommend the *Improvisatore in Italy*. But then, writings of Danish authors and poets are equally, if not more, rare; and here is another claim upon us. And thirdly and lastly, not to enlarge upon reasons, the originality, merits, and beauties of the work itself lay still greater obligations upon our just sense of what is due to genius. We do not know what the *Improvisatore* may be in the Danish language—we presume it must be very fine and striking—but even in a translation we have to state it has many charms for us; and we have passed over it a few hours of as agreeable relaxation as we have enjoyed for a long time in the perusal of any descriptive author. The pictures of Italian scenery, the accounts of Italian manners in high and low, and in short, *Life in Italy*, are painted not only with the poetic touches of the writer's inherent spirit, but with a curious felicity and fidelity that would do honour to the merest prosa that ever took pen in hand to tell what he saw and heard in that land of song. The union of these qualities produces a delightful effect; and there is a story interwoven with the changes of scene, which adds the interest of romance to the varied animated paintings of society and nature with which the narrative abounds. That story we will not break in upon; but leave to the pleasurable development of perusing its mysteries: we have enough, and more than enough, in other and distinct features, to evidence and justify what we have said in compliment to Hans Andersen.

Before advancing our proofs, however, we ought to mention the sketch of that individual, which is prefixed. He belongs to the very humblest station, and was born on the 2d April, 1805; so that he is now just forty years of age. The memoir of his infant and early days is simple, and reminds us of times in our own country of less civilisation and refinement than now; when we no longer believe in legends, ghosts, fairies, and other superstitions, but have murders in our rural lanes instead, and poacher-bloodshed in our lovely sylvan woods. Not so as yet at Odensee, in Denmark; and "when the new-born child was taken to the church to be baptised, it cried resoundingly, which greatly displeased the ill-tempered pastor, who declared, in his passion, that 'the child cried like a cat;' at which his mother

was bitterly annoyed. One of the god-parents, however, consoled her by the assurance, that the louder the child cried the sweeter he would sing some day, and that pacified her. The father of Andersen was not without education; the mother was all heart. The married couple lived on the best terms with each other, and yet the husband did not feel himself happy; he had no intercourse with his neighbours, but preferred keeping himself at home, where he read Holberg's 'Comedies,' 'The Thousand-and-One Tales of the Arabian Nights,' and worked at a puppet-theatre for his little son, whom on Sundays he often took with him to the neighbouring woods, where the two commonly spent the whole day in quiet solitude with each other. The grandmother also, who was an amiable old lady, and who bore the misfortunes of her family with Christian patience, had great influence on the mind of the boy. She had been very handsome, was kind to every body, and, besides that, was scrupulously clean in her poor clothing. With a feeling of deep melancholy, she would often tell how her grandmother had been the daughter of a rich gentleman of family in Germany, who lived in the city of Cassel; that the daughter had fallen in love with a comic-actor, had left her parents secretly to marry him, and after that had sunk into poverty. 'And now all her posterity must do penance for her sin,' sighed she.'

The father dies.

"Young Andersen was at that time nine years old, and his mother sent him to the next village to ask counsel from a wise woman. 'Will my poor father die?' inquired he, anxiously. 'If thy father will die,' replied the sibyl, 'thou wilt meet his ghost on thy way home.' It is easy to imagine what an impression this oracle would make upon the boy, who was timid enough without that; it was, in fact, his only consolation, on his homeward way, that his father certainly knew how such an apparition would terrify his little son, and therefore he would not shew himself. He reached home without any unfortunate adventure, without seeing the ghost of his father; and on the third day after that the sick man died. From this time young Andersen was left to himself: the whole instruction which he received was in a charity-school, and consisted of reading, writing, and arithmetic, the two last very imperfectly. The poor boy, at this time, gained an entrance into the house of the widow of the Pastor Bunkelof, of Odensee, who died in the year 1805, and whose name, on account of some lyrical productions, is known in Danish literature. He was engaged to read aloud to the widow and her sister-in-law; and here, for the first time, he heard the appellation 'poet,' and saw with what love the faculty which made the dead a poet was regarded. This sunk deeply into his mind. He read some tragedies, and then determined to write a comedy, and to become also a poet, as the deceased pastor had been. And now, actually, he wrote a true tragedy, for all the characters lost their lives in it; and the dialogue was interlarded with many passages of Scripture. His two first auditors received this first work of the young

poet with unmingled applause; and, before long, the report of it ran through the whole street, and every body wished to hear the tragedy of the witty Hans Christian. But here the applause was by no means unmingled; most people laughed right heartily at it, whilst others ridiculed him. This wounded the poor boy so much that he passed the whole night in weeping, and was only silenced by his mother's serious admonition, that if he did not leave off such folly she would give him a good beating into the bargain. Spite of the ill success of his first attempt, however, he now, unknown to any one, set about a new piece, in which a prince and a princess were introduced. But these lofty characters threw him into great perplexity, for he did not at all know how such noble people as these conversed, imagining, of course, that it must be impossible for them to talk as other people did. At length it occurred to him to interweave German and French words into their conversation, so that the dignified language of these princely personages became a perfect gibberish, which, however, according to the opinion of the young author, had in it a something very uncommon and sublime. This masterpiece also was introduced to the knowledge of the neighbourhood, the result of which was, that not many days elapsed before he was derided by the wild boys in the streets, who shouted, as he went by, 'Look! look! there goes the comedy-writer!' But it was not alone the rude boys, but the schoolmaster also, who entirely mistook the genius which clearly betrayed itself, even in such-like productions; for, one day, when young Andersen presented to him, as a birth-day present, a garland, with which he had twisted up a little poem of his own writing, he blamed him for it; and the only reward which the poor poet had for his first poetical attempt consisted of trouble and tears."

But we will not repeat the whole of this biography. Suffice it to say, the poor boy got to Copenhagen—tried to obtain any employment in the theatre, and made other vain attempts with little success; till at last fortune so far smiled upon him, that he acquired some notice and some education: and so commenced his literary career. With its vicissitudes we shall not meddle, but come at once to the result now before us of his travel in Italy, whither he was sent for his improvement with a small pension from his government.

The framer of the design assumes the character of a child of indigent parentage born in Rome, and possessing a mind exactly resembling that of the child born under similar circumstances in Odensee. He is left an orphan, his widowed mother being accidentally killed on a festival-day by runaway horses of the Prince Borghese. They are the most devout of Roman Catholics, and previous to this fatal calamity, we have a somewhat amusing argument on a religious point which affected them much. A young foreign artist lodged with them, who unhappily "was a life-enjoying, brisk young man, who came from a far, far country, where they knew nothing about the Madonna and the child Jesus, my mother said. He was from Denmark. I had at that time no

idea that there existed more languages than one, and I believed, therefore, that he was deaf when he did not understand me, and, for that reason, I spoke to him as loud as I could; he laughed at me, often brought me fruit, and drew for me soldiers, horses, and houses. We soon became acquainted; I loved him much, and my mother said many a time that he was a very upright person. In the mean time I heard a conversation one evening between my mother and the monk Fra Martino, which excited in me a sorrowful emotion for the young artist. My mother inquired if this foreigner would actually be eternally condemned to hell. 'He and many other foreigners also,' she said, 'are, indeed, very honest people, who never do any thing wicked. They are good to the poor, pay exactly, and at the fixed time; nay, it actually often seems to me that they are not such great sinners as many of us.' 'Yes,' replied Fra Martino, 'that is very true,—they are often very good people; but do you know how that happens? You see, the devil, who goes about the world, knows that the heretics will some time belong to him, and so he never tempts them; and therefore they can easily be honest, easily give up sin; on the contrary, a good Catholic Christian is a child of God, and therefore the devil sets his temptations in array against him, and we weak creatures are subjected. But a heretic, as one may say, is tempted neither of the flesh nor the devil!' To this my mother could make no reply, and sighed deeply over the poor young man; I began to cry, for it seemed to me that it was a cruel sin that he should be burned eternally—he who was so good, and who drew me such beautiful pictures."

After his mother's death, and an escape from an uncle called Wicked Peppo, a cripple beggar, of no very amiable temper, who collects daily alms in the streets, our youthful hero is taken by a worthy shepherd and his wife to be nursed up in the Campagna; and of which and its inhabitants we have the following slight but vivid description:—

"The immense desert which lies around old Rome was now my home. The stranger: from beyond the mountains, who, full of love for art and antiquity, approaches the city of the Tiber for the first time, sees a vast page of the world in this parched-up desert; the isolated mounds all here are holy ciphers, entire chapters of the world's history. Painters sketch the solitary standing arch of a ruined aqueduct, the shepherd who sits under it with his flock figures on the paper; they give the golden thistle in the foreground, and people say that it is a beautiful picture. With what an entirely different feeling my conductor and I regarded the immense plain! The burnt-up grass; the unhealthy summer air, which always brings to the dwellers of the Campagna fevers and malignant sickness, were doubtless the shadow-side of his passing observations. To me there was a something novel in all; I rejoiced to see the beautiful mountains, which in every shade of violet-colour enclosed one side of the plain; the wild buffalo, and the yellow Tiber, on whose shore oxen with their long horns went bending under the yoke, and drawing the boat against the stream. We proceeded in the same direction. Around us we saw only short, yellow grass, and tall, half-withered thistles. We passed a crucifix, which had been raised as a sign that some one had been murdered there, and near to it hung a portion of the murderer's body, an arm and a foot; this was frightful to me, and all the more so as it stood not far from my new home. This was neither more nor less than one of the old decayed tombs, of which so many

remain here from the most ancient times. Most of the shepherds of the Campagna dwell in these, because they find in them all that they require for shelter, nay, even for comfort. They excavate one of the vaults, open a few holes, lay on a roof of reeds, and the dwelling is ready. Ours stood upon a height, and consisted of two stories. Two Corinthian pillars at the narrow door-way bore witness to the antiquity of the building, as well as the three broad buttresses to its after repairs. Perhaps it had been used in the middle ages as a fort; a hole in the wall above the door served as a window; one half of the roof was composed of a sort of reed and of twigs, the other half consisted of living bushes, from among which the honeysuckle hung down in rich masses over the broken wall. 'See, here we are!' said Benedetto; and it was the first word he had said to me on the whole way. * * *

"I believe, indeed, that this home operated very much upon my poetical turn of mind. This little narrow room was, to my imagination, what a weight is to the young palm-tree—the more it is compressed into itself, the more it grows. The house was, as has been said already, in the very ancient times, a family burial-place, which consisted of a large room, with many small niches, side by side, in two rows, one above the other, all covered over with the most artistical mosaic. Now was each put to very different purposes; the one was a store-room, another held pots and pans, and a third was the fire-place, where the beans were cooked. Domenica prepared the table, and Benedetto blessed the food; when we had had enough, the old mother took me up a ladder, through the broken vault in the wall, to the second story, where we all slept in two great niches which had once been graves. In the farthest was the bed which was prepared for me; beside of it stood two posts supporting a third, from which swung a sort of cradle, made of sail-cloth, for a little child; I fancy Mariuccia's: it was quite still. I laid myself down; a stone had fallen out of the wall, and through the opening I could see the blue air without, and the dark ivy which, like a bird, moved itself in the wind. As I laid myself down, there ran a thick, bright-coloured lizard over the wall, but Domenica consoled me by saying that the poor little creature was more afraid of me than I of it; it would do me no harm; and, after repeating over me an Ave Maria, she took the cradle over into the other niche where she and Benedetto slept. I made the sign of the holy cross, thought on my mother, on the Madonna, on my new parents, and on the executed robber's bloody hand and foot which I had seen near the house, and these all mingled strangely in my dreams this first night. The next day began with rain, which continued for a whole week, and imprisoned us in the narrow room, in which was a half twilight, although the door stood open when the wind blew the rain the other way. * * *

"Domenica spun, and I thought about the beautiful pictures in the convent church; seemed to see Jesus tossing past me in the boat; the Madonna on the cloud borne upwards by angels, and the tombstones with the garlanded heads. When the rainy season was over, the heavens shewed for whole months their unchangeable blue. I then obtained leave to go out, but not too far, nor too near to the river, because the soft ground might so easily fall in with me, said Domenica; many buffaloes also grazed there, which were wild and dangerous, but, nevertheless, those had for me a peculiar and strange interest. The something demon-

like in the look of the buffalo—the strange, red fire which gleamed in its eyeballs, awoke in me a feeling like that which drives the bird into the fangs of the snake. Their wild running, swifter than the speed of a horse; their mutual combats, where force meets with force, attracted my whole attention. I scrawled figures in the sand to represent what I had seen, and, to make this the more intelligible, I sang it all in its own peculiar words to its own peculiar melody, to the great delight of old Domenica, who said that I was a wise child, and sang as sweetly as the angels in heaven. The sun burnt hotter day by day; its beams were like a sea of fire which streamed over the Campagna; the stagnant water infected the air; we could only go out in the morning and evening: such heat as this I had not known in Rome upon the airy Monte Pincio, although I well remembered then the hot time when the beggars had prayed for a small coin, not for bread, but for a glass of iced water. I thought in particular about the delicious green water-melons which lay one on another, divided in halves, and shewed the purple-red flesh with the black seeds; my lips were doubly parched with thinking of these! The sun burned perpendicularly; my shadow seemed as if it would vanish under my feet. The buffaloes lay like dead masses upon the burnt-up grass, or, excited to madness, flew with the speed of arrows round in great circles. Thus my soul conceived an idea of the traveller's sufferings in the burning deserts of Africa. During two months we lay there like a wreck in the world's sea. Not a single living creature visited us. All business was done in the night or else in the early hours of morning; the unhealthy atmosphere and the scorching heat excited fever-fire in my blood; not a single drop of anything cold could be had for refreshment; every marsh was dried up; warm yellow water flowed sleepily in the bed of the Tiber; the juice of the melon was warm; even wine, although it lay hidden among stones and rubbish, tasted sour and half-boiled; and not a cloud, not a single cloud, was to be seen on the horizon,—day and night always the everlasting, never-changing blue. Every evening and morning we prayed for rain, or else a fresh breeze; every evening and morning Domenica looked to the mountains to see if no cloud raised itself, but night alone brought shade—the sultry shade of night; the sirocco alone blew through the hot atmosphere for two long, long months. At the sun's rise and setting alone was there a breath of fresh air; but a dulness, a death-like lethargy produced by the heat, and the frightful weariness which it occasioned, oppressed my whole being. This and all kind of tormenting insects, which seemed destroyed by the heat, awoke at the first breath of air to redoubled life; they fell upon us in myriads with their poison-stings; the buffaloes often looked as if they were covered over with this buzzing swarm, which beset them as if they were carrion, until, tormented to madness, they betook themselves to the Tiber, and rolled themselves in the yellow water. The Roman, who in the hot summer days groans in the almost expiring streets, and crawls along by the house-sides, as if he would drink up the shadow which is cast down from the walls, has still no idea of the sufferings in the Campagna, where every breath which he draws is sulphurous poisonous fire; where insects and crawling things, like demons, torment him who is condemned to live in this sea of flame. September brought with it milder days, it sent out also Federico one evening to make sketches of the burned-up landscape. He drew our singular

house, the gallows, and the wild buffaloes. He gave me paper and pencils, that I also might draw pictures, and promised that when he came next time he would take me with him for a day to Rome.

"It was now November, and the most beautiful time which I had yet spent here. Cool airs were wafted from the mountains, and every evening I saw in the clouds that rich colouring which is only found in the south, and which the painter cannot and dare not give to his pictures. The singular olive-green clouds, on a grey ground, were to me floating islands from the garden of paradise; the dark-blue, on the contrary, those which hung like crowns of fire-trees in the glowing fire of the evening heaven, seemed to me mountains of felicity in whose valleys the beautiful angels played and fanned cool breezes with their white wings. One evening as I sat sunk in my reveries, I found that I could gaze on the sun by looking through a finely pricked leaf. Domenica said that it would injure my eyes, and to put an end to the sport, she fastened the door. The time went on wearily; I prayed her to let me go out, and, as she consented, I sprang up gladly, and opened the door."

And here begins an adventure, from which, agreeably to our promise, we must abstain. It removes Antonio to Rome under the patronage of the Borgheze family; and the farewell of the good shepherd's wife is very affecting.

"It is now for the last time," said the old mother, "that we two, whilst my eyes are yet open, shall go together over the Campagna! Thy feet will tread on polished floors, and on gay carpets; these old Domenica has not: but thou hast been a good child; thou wilt remain so, and never forget me and poor Benedetto! O God! yet can a dish of roasted chestnuts make thee happy? Thou shalt sit and blow up the reeds, and I will see God's angel in thy eyes when the reeds burn and the poor chestnuts roast; so glad wilt thou never more be with so small a gift! The thistles of the Campagna bear yet red flowers; upon the polished floors of the rich there grow no straws, and the ground is smooth, one falls so easily there! Never forget that thou wast a poor child, my little Antonio. Remember that thou must see and not see, hear and not hear; then thou wilt get through the world. Some day, when our Lord has called away me and Benedetto, when the little child which thou hast rocked goes creeping through life with a poor partner in the Campagna, thou wilt, perhaps, then go past in thy own chariot, or on a fine horse; halt thou before the old tomb-chamber where thou hast slept, played, and lived with us, and thou wilt see strangers living there, who will bow themselves deeply before thee. Haughty thou wilt not be, but think upon old times, think upon old Domenica! Look in at the place where the chestnuts were cooked, and where thou rockedst the little child. Thou wilt think upon thy own poor childhood, thou heart's darling child! With this she kissed me, and clasped me closely to her breast, and wept; it seemed to me as if my heart would break. Our return home and her words were to me far more distressing than our parting even somewhat later; then she said nothing, but only wept; and when we were outside the door she ran back, and took down the old half-blackened picture of the Madonna, which was pasted behind the door, and gave it to me; I had kissed it so often—it was the only thing which she had to give me."

[To be continued.]

CENTO.

[At the close of the year we made an effort to rub off some of our ever-accumulating debts to the authors of poetical publications; but in spite of us they will grow and multiply faster than we can invigorate, water, prune, or crop them. The appetite for rushing into print with poetry must be one of the strongest in human nature: for the less it is encouraged (and everybody says that nobody cares for or reads it in our day), the more it is indulged; the more it is cut down, the more it is rolled and trampled under foot, the more luxuriantly does it flourish. Such being the case, we must, as faithful chroniclers of literature, go on with our course of poesy.]

The Wandering Angel, and other Poems. By J. B. Rogerson. 8vo, pp. 136. London, T. Miller.—The author, who has risen from the humbler ranks in Manchester to literary occupation, shews much facility in the art of composition, and no small share of talent. From his numerous themes we select the following example, with much of natural truthfulness about it, to recommend the volume in which it appears to extended patronage:—

"The Death-Dream."

I had a vision yesternight,
A melancholy dream:
Within my chamber burn'd a light
With faint and sickly beam;
And I for many days had lain
Emaciate on a couch of pain,
And nights had pass'd away,
Nor slumber rested on mine eyes;
And I had pray'd, 'mid groans and sighs,
To look upon the day.

My feeble taper died away—
I mark'd it shine its last,
And felt that from my wearied clay
My soul would soon have past;
The moonshine crept around my room,
And silver'd each recess of gloom,
All things were cold and wan;
Faint shivering breath my lips went through,
My brow bore drops of icy dew—
I lay a dying man.

My sins came to my memory.
My frail thoughts every one,
And stood between high heaven and me,
As clouds that hide the sun:
Words spoken in an idle strain
Now lay like lead upon my brain,
Light deeds were dark array;
My heart seem'd weeping tears of blood,
An inward agonising mood—
I ask'd to live and pray.

Hours that had pass'd away, as flies
The summer's fleeting rack,
When all was bathed in pleasure's dyes,
Again came rushing back;
The beauty they had worn was fled,
The roses of my lot were dead,
But every thorn was there;
I feebly gasp'd, 'O God, forgive!'—
And still I ask'd to pray and live,
And—died in dark despair.

My vision ended not with death:
I gazed on sheet and shroud;
I heard my wife's convulsive breath,
My children sob aloud;
I saw myself in ghastly state,
I look'd upon the coffin-plate,
That bore inscription vain;
I still beheld the corpse, though hid
Beneath the studded coffin-lid—
I saw the funeral train.

I saw the sexton with his spade
Prepare the clammy ground;
I saw the earth above me laid,
And heard its sullen sound;
I saw the mourners pass away,
I saw the stone placed o'er my clay,
And soon the careless tread
And merry laugh and jocund word
Beside the new-made grave were heard—
None seem'd to reek the dead.

I look'd into each human soul—
My spirit had the power
To read all thoughts as on a scroll—
I saw my earthly dower;
I saw the weeds of hate and guile
Where friendship's flowers had seem'd to smile;
I heard the serpent's hiss
Where late I deem'd the dove had been,
For falsehood's glare had left each scene,
And bared each poison'd bliss.

I saw true worth in humble guise
Borne by oppression down;
I mark'd the loud pretender arise [rise],
And bear away the crown,
Which should have graced the modest brow
Of one whom silent thought did bow;
I saw the deathless wreath
Twined ready for the honour'd head
Of genius, when 'twas with the dead,
Undim'd by envy's breath.

I read the hearts where guile was not,
But friendship, truth, and love,
Which neither word nor deed could blot,
Nor from their purpose move;
The same in want and sorrow's hour
As in the days of wealth and power.—
All was unweild to me:
I woke when came the morning's beam,
But to my dying hour that dream
Will unforgetten be."

A Thousand Lines; now first offered to the World we live in. Pp. 60. London, Hatchard and Son.—There is much to please in this unassuming publication; and we think "The Song of Seventy" will serve to shew that its companion-productions are worthy of perusal.

"I am not old,—I cannot be old,
Though threescore years and ten
Have wasted away, like a tale that is told,
The lives of other men;
I am not old; though friends and foes
Alike have gone to their graves,
And left me alone to my joys or my woes,
As a rock in the midst of the waves:
I am not old,—I cannot be old,
Though tottering, wrinkled, and grey;
Though my eyes are dim, and my marrow is cold,
Call me not old to-day.

For early memories round me throng,
Old times, and manners, and men;
As I look behind on my journey so long
Of threescore miles and ten:

I look behind, and am once more young,
Buoyant, and brave, and bold;
And my heart can sing, as of yore it sung,
Before they called me old.

I do not see her—the old wife there—
Shrivelled, and haggard, and grey;
But I look on her blooming, and soft, and fair,
As she was on her wedding-day.

I do not see you, daughters and sons,
In the likeness of women and men;
But I kiss you now as I kissed you once,
My fond little children then.

And as my own grandson rides on my knee,
Or plays with his hoop or kite,
I can well recollect I was merry as he—
The bright-eyed little wight!

'Tis not long since,—it cannot be long,—
My years so soon were spent,
Since I was a boy, both straight and strong,
Yet now am I feeble and bent.

A dream, a dream,—it is all a dream!
A strange, sad dream, good sooth;
For old as I am, and old as I seem,
My heart is full of youth.

Eye hath not seen, tongue hath not told,
And ear hath not heard it sung,
How buoyant and bold, though it seem to grow old,
Is the heart, for ever young;

For ever young,—though life's old age
Hath every nerve unstrung;
The heart, the heart is a heritage
That keeps the old man young."

Compositions on various topics agreeably written, and the whole seasoned with good sense and good principles, recommend the whole amount of the *Thousand Lines*.

Poems. By the Hon. Julia A. Maynard. Pp. 100. London, Bowdery and Kerby.—Light enough are these efforts at poetising the ideas of the fair and "honourable" writer. Here is the portraiture of "an Ind," i.e. a young lady of Hindostan:—

"Her face was of a creamy white—
E'en like the pale tea-rose—
A clear, dark, olive to the sight,
In colourless repose."

So much for a colour,—then for rhyme!

"Her eyes were languishingly black,
Their lustre Asiatic;
Against all others I would back
Their light so unphlegmatic."

Sad is the issue:

"In vain her dark eyes coldly shone
Upon his love hard press'd:
He knelt and rav'd, nor would be gone,
And she was sore distress'd."

And so are we. But in order to estimate the quality of the whole volume, we may as well bring down some

"Mountain Things.

The mountain-ash, with berry red,
By rain and foggy vapour fed,
With dew conives,—(a botanical conspiracy.)
And well it thrives.

The piney forests dark and wild
Their black tops rear where snow is piled;
Rich turpentine
Their glaucous wine.—(Glad not to drink it.)

And other firms of curious cone,
Amid the waste, are not alone;
And they infuse
A gracious ooze.—(Gracious!)

And small sweet flowers, they too are there,
And bloom, 'mid rocks, so frailly fair,
From barren soil
Extracting oil.—(New chemical fact.)

"Can such things be"—published? Yes, truly, the amiable droppings of feminine sensibility; easy for Miss Maynard to write, but "hard pressed" upon others to read.

The French in Rheinstadt: a Romance of the Day, &c.; and other Poems. By James Nisbet. Pp. 178. London, Longmans.—Of the level school, without offence, but also without enough of force or beauty to emerge from the atmosphere of the valley near the lower acclivity of Parnassus. Yet the following is a fine passage:

"I hear a sound as of a thousand feet—
I hear the voices of a thousand men—
A crowd comes rushing like a mighty flood!
On, from the linden-bowers, they sweep their way,
Across the Platten with a quicker step,
Along the Rhine Street, gathering as they go;
Soldier, and citizen, and peasant mingled,
And he they love, their sovereign, leads them on:
Along the Rhine Street to the Royal Square—
They saw the palace-court in smoke involved—
Then, with one loud and universal shout,
Pour'd on the scene of conflict. Stern and brief
Th' encounter! brave men, in a holy cause,
Wield not their swords in vain! Thine arm is crush'd,
Thy heart is broke, thou base conspiracy!
Where is the boasted legion of Châlons—
Bravos beneath the mask of liberty?
Some slain—some captive; others seek the fields,
Or darkly steal, and with diminish'd crest,
To their low den of subterranean gloom."

Saul, and other Poems, &c. 8vo, pp. 154. London, B. Kimpton.—"Saul" is a dramatic sketch, which is slurred a good deal by unacquaintance with the rules of composition: good ideas are ill-expressed; and changes of time and mood mar what, if better turned, might be effective and admired. Listen:

"Mother's kiss
Was ne'er more welcome to the waking child
After a dream of horrors, than the breeze
Upon my feverish brow. I breathe anew,
And the heart rises with a lighter play,
As if the dews of heaven were shed on it."

Abner. Can the throne
Which Heaven itself established be cast down—
The sceptre wrested from the hand of him
Chosen of God for his peculiar people?

Saul. Chosen of God!—for what end was I chosen?
Unknown to power and greatness, I aspired not
Unto the perilous honour, nor could I shun it.
It found me peaceful, happy; youth had not
Withdrawn its flush of pride, whilst manhood knit
My nerves for action: health, content, my riches.
I left them, seized the proffered diadem,
And bound my temples with a crown of cares.
Gave health and strength—the easy toils of day,
And night's sweet slumbers which repaid them—gave
Youth, and its spring of pleasure, innocence—
Mirth unalloyed with sorrow, and a heart
Sinless as yet, for it had not been tempted,—
For mental toils, which no repose could claim,
And cares that watched for others. I exchanged
My happiness for greatness; to be thought

That which I was not; envied and admired
By those who gaze on the external pomp
Of majesty, nor see beneath it lurk
Sorrow of heart and sickness of the soul."

The Witch-of-Endor scene has some striking merits. An "Epistle from Josephine to Napoleon" is not so stirring as that of Heloise to Abelard, but still is not without feeling and pathos; and some of the lesser poems and translations are of a better order.

The Cottager's Sabbath, and other Poems. By John Hurrey. Pp. 200. Spalding, T. Albin; London, C. A. Bartlett.—The poet in his preface gently deprecates the lash of criticism, which lash ought never to be applied except to stubborn, vicious, or offensive animals. Mere silliness, capering, or want of power to do the desired work, ought not to provoke it; and therefore on Mr. Hurrey we have no vocation to lay it. His "Cottager's Sabbath" is feeling and right-minded, but without the spirit or polish of poetry; and one cannot forget Burns' "Saturday Night." The minor pieces, nearly a hundred in number, display more or less of a love of nature, and a disposition for kindly aspirations, which will, we hope, cause the writer to be prized in his locality, though his efforts must fail of triumph in the great universal arena of genius.

The Last Rose of Summer, preserved for my Friends; or, a Collection of small Poems. By Rose Ellen H.—Pp. 206. London, Kerr and Co.—By Rose Ellen H.—! A rose by no other name could smell so sweet. Every leaf is a flower *zui generis*, with a colour and a perfume heretofore unknown to the genus *Rosa* or the genius of poesy. We have admired at Miss Maynard; but we are quite overcome with this last *Rose of Summer*, and the winter of our discontent with indifferent composition has thawed and melted under her influence. We would project a library on a new scale for the preservation of the published poetry of young ladies of fashion, without the horrid intermixture of productions of any other class, and especially of writings by the insensate and unsentimental male creature, man. They should all be bound in empyrean blue, lilac, sea-green, or lavender boards, and sweetly ornamented, like court-dresses, with silver patterns of every fanciful and lovely description. But to return to our inimitable *Rose*, and to some specimens of a style with which we may boldly challenge comparison from even the performances of modern poets. The volume is dedicated to a lady of high accomplishments; but our favourite passages are after passing the portal, and the more unexpected from that aspect of admission. The death of Napoleon was never before, to our knowledge, sung in a strain like this:

"Tête d'armée!" he in sadness cried,
And struggled midst most heavy sighs;
His pulse was low, he vainly tried
To raise again his dying eyes.

No more will he see his willow,
He could not hear the willow's roar,
His sunken eyes, so wan and hollow—
Oh, they will ne'er be opened more!

The bow is bent, the arrow down,
The hero bends his head and dies.
He died!—And now the home is shewn
Where he heaved his exiled sighs."

Ornithology receives novel illustration from the following among similar stanzas in a song to the praise of birds:

"Hark! the birds in chorus singing,—
Hark to the chirping love-sick call,—
As onward they their flight are winging,
They gladden the cottage and hall.
And even from most towering height,
We still can hear the lovely swell;
Those little songsters have some deep might,
Their grateful notes so loud to tell."

Our *Rose* is a nature of great tenderness; she thus be-sings her little sister:

"The yew-trees which in the breeze wave,
Once were threaten'd to bend and break,
They were not always strong and grave;
To be wise, Bertha, years will take."

And thus a faithful servant:

"Oh, none will weep as I shall weep,
When far away thou tak'st thy wing,
When buried in ne'er waking sleep,
Thou dwellest e'en where angels sing.
Well sure am I, that should the fire
Of youth wither, e'en when thy star
Is radiant, thy love will not expire,
But thou wouldst love me from afar.
Oh, should I sleep in churchyard ground,
Betsy the spot too soon would trace;
And as she knelt beside the mound,
A tear would course her faithful face."

Some loyal lines to the royal children strike us forcibly; but we only give a glimpse of them:

"Oh, mother of that royal boy,
How wise must be the frown
That, even 'midst his childish joy,
Can ill from good disown.
Oh, mother of that princess fair,
In that picture I trace
Marks of goodness imprinted there,
Which no time can efface."

And the moral drawn from the family circle to the empire at large is finely instructive:

"That hand which can thy children curb,
That voice which can reprove,
Rules England with a high-strung nerve,
Which no dangers can move."

But we must pass many beauties over, in Italian, French, and English; though it is with difficulty we tear ourselves from such an apostrophe as the following to Lee Church:

"Thou must be drenched by each storm,
The wind around thee rudely strays;
No poor man shelters there to warm,
The bat alone around thee plays.
And thus we hasten to decay,
E'en we of human mortal soil,
And waiting for that coming day
My heart-strings still around thee coil."

The "soil" of humankind seems a favourite expression, for in the next poem to a flower-garden we read:

"Those just budded, as the strong leaf,
May reign with a sway very brief;
And thus we of a mortal soil,
In death's slumbering arms may coil."

The following is very naturally expressed, beginning with a sort of proclamation:

"Oh! yes [oyez], there is a much felt sway,
In a pathetic little song.
In pathos it speaks to me strong,
And bears my sudden heart along:
O waft not then the strains away!"

For the lively, we would quote lines to a gentleman who quizzed the dear *Rose* for writing with blue ink:

"Go quiz my ink, and e'en my pen,
But do not quiz my writings then,
Nor let smiles hover round your lip,
When you say this little poem up.—
With blue I hope my pen was right
This faulty volume to edit;
Go quiz my ink, but kindly look
Upon my little Christmas book;
For if you quiz, then for your pain
I'll wish you an anti-blue brain;
For well I know blue is the flood
Which quizzes best an episode."

"Sweets to the sweet," says another poet, Shakspeare; and having thrown so much of sweets towards our sweet *Rose*, we have the less hesitation in transcribing what follows on "What is an author?"

"Mankind his study he has made—
And of folly he knows the trade;
His high spirits ne'er seem to fail,—
He flows on like the Dorer mail.
'Tis difficult sorrow to trace,
Where narrative beams on the face.
Oh! yes, I do think it a treat,
When I can with an author meet."

Not always though a bed of rose*
Doth an author's career disclose;
Critics will sometimes beat him hollow,
And bitter critic's pill to swallow."

For the passionate, we presume it would not
be easy to match the subjoined:

"I love thee! . . . what can I say more?
With love hallow'd and deep;
Each night I breathe thy name before
I lie me down and sleep."

It is so sweet to feed a love
Which can bring nought but bliss;
Gentle as the soft cooling dove,
I wait to thee a kiss."

No maiden blush mounts to my cheek,
When love ranges towards thee."

The flow'rets bloom after a storm,
So will I bloom again;
Whilst towards thee each pulse is warm,
What care I for life's pain!

Oh! love me long, and love me well . . ."

This sort of thing is called "friendship;" but
the next composition renders the term more
dubious:

"I'll whisper a word,—a word of love,—
Which far shall banish care;
To soften things my spirit move,
Smile, dear, in love all fair.
That whisper, dearest, is a kiss,
To wait thee to thy rest,
To plunge thee in a dreamy bliss,
And hush thy troubled breast.
That whisper is love."

And Rose denounces the less warmer delusion:

"Platonic love! o'er thee I bent,
And hail'd as love without one blush;
But soon I found not excellent
Was that new love, that spirit's gush."

Platonic love! a June chalice,
A goblet full of flavor'd wine;
Ah! the world too full of malice,
Would not let me hail thee as mine."

Platonic love! thou my delight
Wert once, but now thou art no more;
For well I hope each fresh day-light
Shines on me wiser than before."

We should not live to be more weak,
But living be more wise;
And those who would in candour speak,
Platonic love despise."

And as a sequel:

"Say not I'm cold, say not I'm cold,
Because as I learn I unfold;
I tell the tale I think is true.
That those who err ne'er real joy knew."

Say not I'm cold; for, oh! I'm not.
Nor have I one word of thine forgot;
But still my heart is full of fears,
Whilst to thy mien I adhere.
And still my breast will waft the sigh,
And still the tear flow from mine eye;
Not cold to thee, but cold to fate,
And cold to joy which comes so late."

O pretty Rose, Rose! these are dangerous
excogitations and arguments! But Joanna of
Naples is a historical episode, and we gladly
retire from individual responsibilities—the ca-
stastrophe is superbly wrought up:

"At midnight there arose a cry!—deep
Through Aversa sounds the alarm;
Isolda, she had watch'd Andrew's sleep,
When a smiling babe on her arm.
She starts,—she runs,—she screams,—she raves,—
Oh, dread
The sight which met her boding fear:
Andrew, the bridegroom, lying cold and dead,
While Joanna was sitting near!"

Joanna fled but to Naples once more.

In after years she came again,
And expiated by death on that shore
Her life of wandering care and pain.
Joanna! beautiful but guilty queen!
Thus died thy virtue and thy name:

* We are a little puzzled about the bed Rose alludes
to here. Can it be her own? We have heard of "beds
of Rose's."

Thy reign began in virtue, shortly seen,—
Thy life, alas! ended in blame."

The sympathies of the author are naturally
excited for the young milliners who work for
her, and she thus sings of one:

"O blithe was she till canker'd love
Sought her with tales her heart to move
With love far above her station,
Unpything her lone situation.
It told its tale, it ate her bloom,
And then sunk in oblivion's tomb;
It robbed the lustre from her eye,
And left her then to pine, to sigh;
Stripp'd her long locks of half their gloss,
And chased away her cheeks' pink moss."

We can imagine the last epithet applied to a
moss Rose, but we never saw a milliner exactly
answering the description—it is, nevertheless, a
rich, flowery, and original figure. But we must
tear ourselves from the fascinating volume—the
most perfect specimen we have ever met
with of young ladies' feelings and versification
when duly nurtured in fashionable society; and
sorry are we that one so pre-eminently gifted
should fare no better than the lower fraternity,
and sing:

"An author is a tim'rous thing,
Though all should think him bold;
His labours do but copper bring,
When men think he coins gold."

*The Letters and Despatches of John Churchill,
first Duke of Marlborough, from 1702 to 1712.
Edited by Gen. the Rt. Hon. Sir G. Murray.
3 vols. 8vo. John Murray.*

THESE massive volumes have appeared too late
in the week to allow us time for more than a
hasty glance. That glance, however, enables us
to state, that the editor, Sir George Murray,
has performed his task in the manner to be ex-
pected from his own accomplishments as a gen-
tlemanly scholar, a statesman, and a high mili-
tary authority. His summaries of events, and
general views at particular periods coincident
with the dates of the correspondence, are clear
and comprehensive; and having stored our
minds from these little treasures of a few
pages, we start again with renewed knowledge
and appetite for the details of the ensuing let-
ters, till we arrive at another stage, and are
then enlightened as before.

The letters and despatches relate to the war
of the Spanish succession, and range between
the momentous years 1702 and 1712, when all
Europe was in one turmoil of war and struggle.
The manner in which this important accession
to our history was found, is thus told in the
Introduction.

"When the present Duke of Marlborough
succeeded to the honours and estates of his an-
cestors, he found that the house of Blenheim
was in a condition which rendered considerable
repairs and alterations necessary. In the course
of their operations a place of security for the
archives of the family was constructed; and
several deeds and documents of that nature
having hitherto remained deposited in a record-
room at a house which had been occasionally
occupied by the land-steward, orders were
given by the duke for the transfer of such of
these as should be found to be of any value to
the room which had been recently prepared for
that purpose at Blenheim. When these re-
movals were carrying into effect, the series of
letters above alluded to was discovered.* The

* "The Duke of Marlborough having, amongst other
improvements at Blenheim, built a muniment-room,
in the month of October, 1843, I superintended, as his
grace's solicitor, the removal to it of the deeds and
documents from Hensington, near Woodstock. They
had been deposited for a longer period than any person
remembers, in a record-room in the house there, which
had been appropriated to the residence of some former
stewards. In the same room were three large chests

letters and despatches of the duke, together
with the letters also, almost equally numerous,
of his secretary, Mr. Cardonnel, and a journal
written by his grace's chaplain, Dr. Hare, af-
terwards Bishop of Chichester, are contained in
twenty-eight manuscript volumes in folio, being
the same into which the letters were transcribed
at the time of the originals being despatched.
The whole of these volumes, in the exact state
in which they were found, were placed soon af-
terwards by the Duke of Marlborough in the
hands of the editor of this work, with full autho-
rity for their publication. The principle which
the editor has laid down for his own guidance
has been, that nothing should be withheld from
publication which can contribute to throw light
upon any transaction of the period which is de-
serving of notice; that the amplest means
should be offered to public men in general, but
especially to those of the military profession,
to derive instruction from the practical lessons
furnished by the conduct of a man remarkable
for his ability and his success in the manage-
ment of great and difficult affairs; and lastly,
that the fullest information should be exhibited
of the true character of the Duke of Marlbo-
rough, by the best of all means of developing
character, namely, the perusal of a correspond-
ence carried on under circumstances which left
no opportunity for aiming at any other object
than the transaction of the business actually in
hand. Much useful military information, par-
ticularly in matters of detail, has, however,
been unavoidably omitted."

A good deal of the correspondence is carried
on in French; and there is an immense mass of
it altogether in these three ponderous volumes.
So wide is the field, indeed, that we should find
it impossible, with a month's preparation, to
afford any thing like a connected and historical
review of the contents, and the most striking
disclosures which they offer to our notice. The
most obvious conclusion to which they bring
us is, that the character of Marlborough will be
much enhanced and exalted by their publica-
tion; and the grasp of his intellect proven to be
far more extended than has hitherto been
allowed, even by favourable writers. The Wel-
lington of his day will not be the worse thought
of, nor be esteemed the lower in capacity, from
having these Despatches, embracing every com-
plex variety of court-intrigue and battle-field,
laid before the world. At present we can say
no more; and merely select three or four let-
ters, which explain themselves and refer to fa-
miliar circumstances, as examples of the style
and sense of John, Duke of Marlborough.

"To Mr. Vernon.

Hague, 11th November, 1792.

Sir,—Having now finished the campaign, in
the successes whereof the Danish troops have
had so great a share, I think myself in justice
obliged, before my departure for England, to
desire you would take the first opportunity to
present my duty to the King of Denmark, let-
ting his majesty know the obligations we owe

unlocked, placed one upon another. I was told by
the person who had the charge of the room, that these
chests merely contained old and useless accounts. I
thought it right, however, to examine them myself.
In the two upper chests I found old militia accounts
and other papers of no value or importance; in the
third and undermost I found eighteen folio books
bound in vellum. On looking into them, I discovered,
to my great surprise, that they contained manuscript
copies of despatches and letters of John Duke of Marl-
borough, in English, French, and some few in Latin.
I delivered the books to the duke, who was not aware
of their existence, nor were any of his grace's con-
nections; and it is clear from his work, that they were
equally unknown to Coxw, who wrote John Duke of
Marlborough's life.—J. WELCHMAN WHATELEY."

for his troops, whose services and behaviour have given the greatest satisfaction, and every way answered the expectation we had from the forces of so brave a nation, commanded by so able and experienced a general as the Duke of Wirtemberg, whose whole conduct, with that of M. Scholten and of the other general officers, justly deserves the highest commendation. I must not omit to pray you likewise to make particular mention of Colonel La Poiterie, who distinguished himself so signally at the attack of the citadel of Liege, that, if he should recover of the wounds he received there, he may have some suitable mark of his majesty's favour, as well on that account as for his great care of the battalion under his command. You will at the same time please to assure his majesty that at my arrival in England I will not fail to represent to the queen and his royal highness the services and merits of his troops, for which I do not doubt but they will be ready on all occasions to make his majesty all possible acknowledgments. I am, sir, &c. M."

"To my Lord Hervey.

Hague, 23d March, 1703.

My Lord,—I am very much obliged to your lordship for the honour of your letter of the 11th instant, and your kind acknowledgment of the small share I had in the honour her majesty has been pleased to confer on you, to which your lordship's merits had so just a claim, that there was scarce need of any other interest or argument to induce her majesty to gratify your lordship with this distinguishing mark of her favour. Whatever credit my services may gain with her majesty shall be cheerfully employed in the behalf of such as are most zealous for the interest and support of her government, and I shall be glad on all occasions to give your lordship assurance of the truth and respect wherewith I am, my lord, your lordship's most humble servant. M."

"To Mr. Secretary Harley.

Landau, 13th November, 1704.

Sir,—Having given orders for all our English troops to decamp this day from Weissemburg in order to their return to Holland, I came hither last night to take my leave of the court and generals, and to make my last efforts with the king and the ministers, that now the treaty is concluded with the Electress of Bavaria, as you will see by the enclosed copy, no time might be lost in sending some speedy succours to the Duke of Savoy. They give me fair promises, but how far they may be executed I dare not answer, notwithstanding the great necessity his R. H. is reduced to, and therefore shall set out to-morrow morning to hasten to Berlin, where I hope I may find the King of Prussia in a good temper to assist us, if the troubles in the north will give him leave; or if I can find any expedient to cure his apprehensions on that side; at least I flatter myself that my journey may have the good effect of preventing his majesty's adding new fuel to the flame. Count Wratislaw, being sensible how little I was inclined to accept the dignity intended me by the court at Vienna, deferred giving me the emperor's letter till two days since, when he told me that his imperial majesty had been informed by M. Hoffman that her majesty had declared her royal pleasure, and would lay her injunctions on me to accept it. Enclosed you will receive the original letter to be laid before her majesty. You will see it bears date ever since the 28th of August. The count tells me that the emperor has given orders for erecting some lands into a principality in my favour: when that is done, the usual signi-

fication will be sent to the diet of the empire in order to my having session and vote in the college of princes. I know not what to say to you of this tedious siege. The ill season is now come in, so that I cannot guess when we may be masters of the place.—I am, with truth, sir, yours, &c. M."

"Translation of the Emperor Leopold's letter to the Duke of Marlborough.

Most illustrious cousin and dear prince,—It is with great satisfaction that I apply these titles to your dilection, whom I have voluntarily admitted among the princes of the Roman empire, not so much in regard to the ancient nobility of your renowned family, as to your own personal worth and peculiar merit towards my august house and the whole Roman empire, being desirous that there should remain this public monument of the greatest honour that can be given in Germany, conferred by me on your equal merit. And I will further endeavour that a place and suffrage among the princes of the empire may be assigned to your dilection in the imperial diets, whereby it may the more universally appear how much I acknowledge myself and the empire to be obliged to the most serene Queen of Great Britain, who sent her arms as far as Vindelicia and Bavaria, at a time when the affairs of Germany, almost ruined by the base revolt of the Bavarian to the French, most needed that assistance and support. And likewise to your dilection, to whose prudence and courage, together with the bravery of the forces fighting under your command, are the two victories, lately indulged by Providence to the allies, principally attributed, not only by the voice of fame, but by the general officers of my forces who had their share in your labour and your glory. These victories, especially that of Hochstet, which cannot be equalled by any gained over the French in former ages, are such as have given us just grounds of the greatest joy, that the pride of our enemies is humbled, their pernicious designs baffled, the tottering affairs of the empire and all Europe restored and established, and also of hope that we may hereafter assert with success the liberty of the Christian world against the power and oppression of France. We are fully assured of your dilection's constant zeal and endeavours to promote this end. All that remains is to pray that you may be attended with a continued course of the same success, and to assure you of further instances of a sincere gratitude when I shall have opportunity and power to exhibit them. LEOPOLD.

Dated in my city of Vienna, 28th August, 1704."

"To Lieut.-Gen. Rumay.

St. James's, 17th March, 1705.

Sir,—Being informed that the convoys have waited a considerable time in Scotland for the recruits, and that the officers pretend they are not yet ready, I pray you will cause notice to be given immediately to all the officers of the Earl of Orkney's, Brigadier Ferguson's, the Lord Mordaunt's, and Colonel Macartney's regiments, that they forthwith embark with what men they have, without staying for any others, giving notice at the same time to the commander of the convoy that he sail with the first opportunity of wind and weather. You will please likewise to let the officers know, that whoever does not come over with this opportunity will be respited upon the next muster, and their commissions be soon after disposed of to others. The season of the year being already far advanced, you will give me leave earnestly to recommend the despatch of these matters to your care. I am, sir, yours, &c. M."

Captain Ruthven of the Guards, having been recommended to me as a very good officer, I pray your favour to him in some preferment in Scotland; or, if that be not likely to happen soon, that then you will give him leave to dispose of his command in order to his coming abroad, which he is very solicitous to do."

AMERICAN EXPEDITION.

[Third notice.]

At the island of Rewa, which was visited by Capt. Hudson in the Peacock, we find the following report of the court, which shews that the royal ceremonies there are somewhat different from those observed at Buckingham Palace:

"Some of our gentlemen entered a short time previous to Capt. Hudson's arrival, and found the king taking a meal, with his principal wife beside him stretched out on a mat. All those around him were sitting after the manner of the natives, for none presume to stand or lie down in the presence of the king. When he had finished eating and pushed the food from him, a general clapping of hands took place; after which water was brought, and the cup held to his mouth until he had done drinking, when clapping of hands again ensued. This was repeated whenever the king finished doing any thing—a piece of etiquette always observed with great strictness. On state occasions this ceremony is carried much farther: the king's food at such times is passed around a large circle, until it reaches his principal wife, who feeds him with her hands. Many of the chiefs always require the ava-cup to be held to their mouths. Notwithstanding all this ceremony, the chiefs and the people sitting around them join familiarly in the conversation, and appear otherwise perfectly at their ease. * * * It was laughable to see the king's barber take his ava; as he is not allowed to touch any thing with his hands, it becomes necessary that the cup shall be held for him by another person, who also feeds him. One of the officers gave him a cigar, which was lighted and put in his mouth; and when he wished to remove it, he did it in a very ingenious manner by twisting a small twig around it."

A neat sample of etymology is added:

"The king at once ordered provisions for his guests, for whom seats were provided on a seachest. The principal article of food was the salt-beef he had received as a present from the ship, and which he named bula-ma-kau. The origin of this name is not a little singular, and is due to our countryman, Capt. Eagleston, who has been for several years trading among this group. Wishing to confer a benefit on these natives, he took on board a bull and cow at Tahiti, and brought them to Rewa, where he presented them to the king. On being asked the name of them, he said they were called 'bull and cow,' which words the natives at once adopted as a single term to designate both, and thenceforward these animals have been known as bula-ma-kau."

An instance of the king's politeness and hospitality occurs at night, but it will not do for us to quote; it reminds us of the very humorous caricature of the African king and his three daughter-graces presented to the British officers. We are not entirely satisfied with the measures adopted by Captain Hudson here to capture the chief Vendovi, who had murdered the crew of the Charles Doggett eight years before: it could not, we think, be very intelligible to the king and those who had entertained him and his people so frankly. The situation of the missionaries on some of these stations is horridly exemplified in the following account

by Mr. Hunt, whose stories of the same nature we have already quoted:

"Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, and Mr. and Mrs. Lythe, arrived at Somu-somu in August, 1839; and consequently at the time of our visit they had been there nearly a year. On the 11th of February, 1840, one of their servants informed them that the king had sent for two dead men from Lauthala, a town or koro not far from Somu-somu. On inquiring the reason, he knew of none but that the king was angry; this was sufficient to know, and in some degree prepared them for what they shortly afterwards had to witness. They now found that their servant was only partly informed, for, instead of two men, they soon observed eleven brought in, and knew that a feast was to take place. Messrs. Hunt and Lythe went to the old king, to urge him to desist from so barbarous and horrid a repast, and warned him that the time would come when he would be punished for it. The king referred him to his son, but the savage propensities of the latter rendered it impossible to turn him from his barbarous purposes. On the day of the feast the shutters of their house were closed, in order to keep out the disgusting smell that would ensue, but Mr. Hunt took his station just within his fence, and witnessed the whole that follows. The victims were dragged along the ground with ropes around their necks by these merciless cannibals, and laid, as a present to the king, in the front of the missionaries' house, which is directly opposite the king's square, or public place of the town. The cause of the massacre was, that the people of Lauthala had killed a man belonging to the king's koro, who was doing some business for the king; and notwithstanding the people of Lauthala are related to the king, it was considered an unpardonable offence, and an order was given to attack their town. The party that went for this purpose came upon the unsuspecting village when (according to themselves) they were neither prepared for defence nor flight; or, as they described it to Mr. Hunt, 'at the time the cock crows, they open their eyes and raise their heads from sleep, they rushed in upon them, and clubbed them to death,' without any regard to rank, age, or sex. All shared the same fate, whether innocent or guilty. A large number were eaten on the spot. No report makes this less than thirty, but others speak of as many as three hundred. Of these it is not my intention to speak, but only of what was done with the eleven presented to the king and spirit. The utmost order was preserved on this occasion, as at their other feasts, the people approaching the residence of the king with every mark of respect and reverence at the beat of the drum. When human bodies are to be shared, the king himself makes a speech, as he did on this occasion. In it he presented the dead to his son, and intimated that the gods of Feejee should be propitiated, that they might have rain, &c. The son then rose and publicly accepted the gift; after which the herald pronounced aloud the names of the chiefs who were to have the bodies. The different chiefs take the bodies allotted to them away to their mbures, there to be devoured. The chief of Lauthala was given to their principal god, whose temple is near the missionaries' house. He was cut up and cooked two or three yards from their fence, and Mr. Hunt stood in his yard and saw the operation. He was much struck with the skill and despatch with which these practised cannibals performed their work. While it was going on, the old priest was sitting in the door of his temple giving orders,

and anxiously looking for his share. All this, Mr. Hunt said, was done with the most perfect insensibility. He could not perceive the least sign of revenge on the part of those who ate them, and only one body was given to the injured party. Some of those who joined in the feast acknowledged that the people of Lauthala were their relations; and he fully believes that they cooked and eat them because they were commanded to do so. The coolness, Mr. Hunt further remarked, with which all this was done, proved to him that there was a total want of feeling and natural affection among them. After all the parts but the head had been consumed, and the feast was ended, the king's son knocked at the missionaries' door (which was opened by Mr. Hunt), and demanded why their windows were closed. Mr. Hunt told him, to keep out the sight as well as the smell of the bodies that were cooking. The savage instantly rejoined, in the presence of the missionaries' wives, that if it happened again he would knock them in the head and eat them. The missionaries were of opinion that after these feasts the chiefs become more ferocious, and are often very troublesome."

We need not particularise the surveys of other islands in this numerous group, where the same sort of scenes are described, and nearly similar customs prevailed. In these seas the *biche de mar*, or sea-slug, is caught in abundance, and is an important article of traffic for the Chinese market:

"The valuable sorts are six in number: one of a dark red colour; a second is black, from two inches to nine inches in length, and its surface, when cured, resembles crape; a third kind is large, and of a dark grey colour, which, when cured, becomes a dirty white; the fourth resembles the third, except in colour, which is a dark brown; the fifth variety is of a dirty white colour, with tubercles on its sides, and retains its colour when cured; the sixth is red, prickly, and of a different shape and larger size than the others; when cured, it becomes dark. The most esteemed kinds are found on the reefs, in water from one to two fathoms in depth, where they are caught by diving. The inferior sorts are found on reefs which are dry, or nearly so, at low water, where they are picked up by the natives. The natives also fish the *biche de mar* on rocky coral bottom, by the light of the moon or of torches; for the animals keep themselves drawn up in holes in the sand or rocks by day, and come forth by night to feed, when they may be taken in great quantities. The motions of the animal resemble those of a caterpillar, and it feeds by suction, drawing in with its food much fine coral and some small shells. Capt. Eagleston stated that the *biche de mar* is found in greatest abundance on reefs composed of a mixture of sand and coral. The animal is rare on the southern side of any of the islands, and the most lucrative fisheries are on the northern side, particularly on that of Vanua-levu, between Anganga and Druau. In this place, the most frequent kind is that which resembles crape. In some places the animal multiplies very fast; but there are others where, although ten years have elapsed since they were last fished, none are yet to be found. The *biche de mar* requires a large building to dry it in. That erected by Capt. Eagleston on the island of Tavea is eighty-five feet long, about fifteen or twenty feet wide, and nearly as much in height."

A town is burnt to avenge the seizing of a boat by the natives of Tye; on the other hand, good conduct was encouraged and rewarded.

At Vomo, we read, it is an island "famous for its turtles, more being caught here than on any other island of the group; the time for taking them is from December to March. During this season every place to which the turtles are in the habit of resorting is occupied by the natives, who remain in these haunts of the animal for the whole of the above time engaged in taking them. At other seasons turtles are occasionally taken in nets, made of cocoanut-husk sennit, among the shoals and reefs. We have seen that the chiefs keep turtles in pens; and I have been informed by credible witnesses, that when they do not wish to kill them, and have an opportunity of disposing of the valuable part of the shell, they will remove it from the living animal. They do this by holding a burning brand close to the outer shell until it curls up and separates a little from that beneath; into the gap thus formed a small wooden wedge is inserted, by which the whole is easily removed from the back. After they have been thus stripped, they are again put into the pens; and although the operation appears to give great pain, it is not fatal. Each turtle is covered with thirteen pieces, five on the back and four on each side. These together make what is called a head, whose average weight is about fourteen pounds. Tortoise-shell, I am informed, sometimes sells in Manilla for from two to three thousand dollars the picul (one hundred and thirty-three English pounds). It constitutes the chief article of trade in these islands, and causes them to be visited by traders every season, while it is the chief inducement for the residence of whites among them, who endeavour to monopolise the trade. The visits of the traders in tortoise-shell, who come in small vessels, are attended with no little risk; and there are many accounts of attempts made by the natives to cut them off. They resort to many methods of effecting this purpose; among others one of the most frequent is to dive and lay hold of the cable: this, when the wind blows fresh towards the shore, is cut, in order that the vessel may drift upon it; or, in other cases, a rope is attached to the cable, by which the vessel may be dragged ashore. The time chosen for these purposes is just before daylight. The moment a vessel touches the land she is considered and treated as a prize sent by their gods."

A little onward the author says:

"At eight o'clock, A.M., it fell calm, and not wishing to lose the day, I determined to land on a small sand-island, a mile and a half in circumference (which I called Linthicum island, after my cockswain) that was near us, and afterwards to connect it with that of Malolo by triangulation. The anchor of the tender was accordingly dropped, her sails remaining up as a signal to the boats of our position. We were then about five miles east of Malolo. I soon landed with Mr. Eld, and became engaged in our observations. In the afternoon I was congratulating myself that I had now finished my last station of the survey, and that my meridian distances and latitudes were all complete. We were putting up our instruments to go on board, when it was reported to me that the three boats were in sight, coming down before the breeze. So unusual an occurrence at once made me suspect that some accident had occurred; and on the first sight I got of them, I found that their colours were half-mast and union down. I need not describe the dread that came over me. We reached the tender only a few moments before them; and when they arrived, I learned that a horrid massacre had but a short hour before taken place, and

saw the mutilated and bleeding bodies of Lieutenant Joseph A. Underwood and my nephew, Midshipman Wilkes Henry. The boats were taken in tow, when we stood for Malolo, and as the night closed in, anchored in its eastern bay."

This was a sad conclusion to the business; and Mr. Wilkes proceeds to state:—

"I had closed the operations of the survey, and awaited only my junction with the boats to be satisfied that all our perils were at an end. One of the victims was my own near relation, confided to my care by a widowed mother; I had therefore more than the ordinary degree of sorrow, which the loss of promising and efficient officers must cause in the breast of every commander, to oppress me. The blood of the slain imperatively called for retribution, and the honour of our flag demanded that the outrage upon it should not remain unpunished. On the other hand, it was necessary, in order that any proceedings I should adopt should be such as would be capable of full vindication and meet the approval of the whole civilised world, that my action in the case should not appear to be instigated by mere vindictiveness, and should be calculated to serve, not as an incitement to retaliation upon future visitors, but as a salutary lesson, as well to the actual perpetrators of the deed as to the inhabitants of the whole group. It was beyond every thing else important, that in the desire of inflicting punishment, I should avoid, as far as possible, the risk of losing other valuable lives. The two chief vessels of my squadron were at a distance, and I knew that the natives of Malolo were not only guarded in their towns by fortifications impregnable in their own mode of warfare, but were furnished with fire-arms and ammunition. To burn the dwellings of these fastnesses, as I had done at Tye, if an adequate punishment for mere thefts, would have been no sufficient penalty for the present heinous offence, nor would it have served to deter the people of Malolo from similar acts for the future. The passions of all around me were excited to the highest pitch; and although the most severely injured of any, it became my task to restrain the desire of revenge within the bounds of prudent action in the conduct of retaliatory measures, as it became, afterwards my endeavour to prevent a just and salutary punishment from becoming a vindictive and indiscriminate massacre."

It is asserted that the outrage was entirely unprovoked, and the commander consequently "had no hesitation in determining to inflict the punishment it merited, and this, not by the burning of the towns alone, but in the blood of the plotters and actors in the massacre."

They bury the dead; and there is a long circumstantial account of the attack of the two towns on the island, and the slaughter of the natives:

"For about fifteen minutes an obstinate resistance was kept up with musketry and arrows. In this the women and children were as actively engaged as the men, and all made a prodigious clamour. After the above time the noise diminished, the defence slackened, and many were seen to make their escape from a gate which was intentionally left unattacked, carrying the dead and wounded on their backs. A rocket, of which several had already been tried without visible effect, now struck one of the thatched roofs; a native sprung up to tear it off, but that moment was his last, and the roof immediately burst into flames. Upon this, Lieutenant-commandant Ringgold recalled several officers who were desirous of storming the town

through its small gate,—an attempt which, even if successful, must have been attended with loss of life on our part, and which the success of the rocket-practice rendered unnecessary. To force the gate would have been a difficult operation, had it been defended with the least pertinacity, for it was constructed in the manner of a fish-weir. The natives, as has been seen, had, in addition to their arrows, clubs, spears, and muskets; but the latter were so unskillfully handled as to do little damage, for they, as I had before been informed was their practice, put charges into them according to the size of the person they intended to shoot at. They believe that it requires a larger load to kill a large man than it does to kill a small one. The bows and arrows were, for the most part, used by the women. The moment the flames were found to be spreading, a scene of confusion ensued that baffles description. The shouts of men were intermingled with the cries and shrieks of the women and children, the roaring of the fire, the bursting of the bamboos, and an occasional volley of musketry."

"While these transactions were taking place on the island, the water also became the scene of a conflict. Lieutenant Emmons, who had been despatched to intercept the five canoes, reported to be seen from the ridge, pulled round the island without discovering them. While making this circuit, he fell in with the party under Lieutenant North, and took the wounded man into the boat, leaving one of his eight in his place. He then pulled to the brig, where he refreshed his men, and in the afternoon proceeded round Malolo-lailai to search for the canoes, supposing they might have escaped and been drawn up in the mangrove-bushes. He soon, however, discovered the enemy poing along on the outer reef towards Malolo-lailai. They were somewhat separated when first seen, but as he approached, the weathermost made sail to leeward to join their companions; and when they had accomplished this, all struck their sails and advanced to attack him, manœuvring together. In each canoe there were about eight warriors, having a kind of breastwork to protect them from the shot, while Lieutenant Emmons' boat's crew consisted only of seven. After a short but severe contest, only one of the canoes escaped; the others were all captured, together with their warriors. Lieutenant Emmons reached the brig with three of his prizes a little before midnight."

By all accounts some fifty natives were slain, including the chief at Sualib, the principal town.

The Archaeological Album, No. II. Edited by Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A., Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, &c. London, Chapman and Hall.

WHILST a silly and passionate intrigue is tearing the National Archaeological Association to pieces, this excellent contribution to the diffusion of the science appears with its literary, calm, and instructive information. A paper on ancient furniture is of extreme domestic interest, and tells us how our forefathers lay, if not how they slept and rested; for if not more tired with healthful labour and exercise than many of their descendants are, we can hardly believe that they enjoyed slumber and repose on these rude receptacles. Another paper on the Cucking Stool, an ancient remedy for scolds, is curious and entertaining: but the most valuable antiquarian contribution is a history of mediæval art. It is full of matter; and, like

the other subjects, illustrated by numerous engravings of the most interesting description.

The Diplomatic Correspondence of the Right Hon. Richard Hill, Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Savoy, &c. Edited by the Rev. W. Blackley, B.A., Domestic Chaplain to Viscount Hill. 2 vols. 8vo. J. Murray.

It is a singular coincidence, that almost simultaneously with the discovery of the Marlborough MSS., a similar chance should have brought the diplomatic correspondence of his contemporary, Mr. Hill, to light.* The Letters, &c., in these volumes, illustrate and receive illustration from the work to which we just called attention. They are dated from July 1703 to May 1706, and run parallel on the Italian side of the grand European fray with those of Marlborough in the Low Countries and Germany. The five volumes, in point of fact, might have been published as one work; and both are eminently acceptable for the elucidation of history, when the ambition of France was controlled, and the continent freed from a despotism, such as occurred in our own times, and with similar results. The age of Louis XIV. and the age of Napoleon Buonaparte are fertile in mighty and useful comparisons. We have no room for any of Mr. Hill's Letters. Those descriptive of the king, court, and policy of Savoy, are something in the Malmesbury manner; and the work is adorned with a number of interesting fac-simile autographs. A thousand particulars of the Ten Years of Glory which brightened Anna's Reign will be found in these sterling publications, of a kind of which we should much like to see many more, to redeem our deteriorated literature.

The Yearly Journal of Trade, 1845. Edited by C. Pope. 8vo, pp. 550. London, Cochran.

THE vast quantity of mercantile and miscellaneous information which the experienced comptroller of accounts in the port of Bristol puts together in these annual volumes (this is the 23d edition) renders them very valuable to all persons concerned in trade. No subject seems to be neglected, the examination and report upon which can be of use to the important interests of the trading community: but the new Tariff will cause great alterations.

The Sugar Question. Pp. 27. London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

"SWEETS to the sweet"—a very clever pamphlet, and replete with statistical information: but we fear the subject is too political for us, and if we put our tongues to it, we should only cloy our readers, for the most liquorish-toothed of whom the parliamentary debates may suffice.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 24th.—Mr. R. I. Murchison, president, in the chair. The first paper read was an extract of a letter from Mr. H. Stuart Russell, dated Cecil Plains, Condamine River, Darling Downs, Australia, April 24, 1843. It appears that Mr. Russell, straitened in his sheep-runs from the encroachment of other settlers, left the matter to be adjusted by the commissioners, and started in search of another run. He took with him a black boy, and a man named William Orton, who, having been in the bush nine years, besides being a very intelligent man,

* After much fruitless research in various public depositories, and among Lord Hill's family archives, they were found in manuscript-chests at Lord Berwick's, also a descendant of the house of Hawtstone. They are partly holograph, and partly copies under the writer's revision, by Mr., afterwards Lord, Chetwynd.

and a good shoot, was an invaluable companion. They had two rifles and plenty of ammunition, and three fresh horses. They first made Wide Bay; leaving which, they took a north-west direction, passing through a country whose gloom and horror cannot be described. After having been out a month, their provisions were exhausted, and they had to depend entirely upon their rifles. At length they came upon the banks of a noble river running to the northward. "This," says Mr. Russell, "I suppose to be the Boyne, which the charts lay down as running into the sea in lat. $24^{\circ} 30'$ S. [The charts here alluded to must be colonial, as we have no knowledge of any river called the Boyne on our own maps and charts.] The stream presented one of the finest bodies of fresh water I had seen in the country; and though I had no opportunity of trying its depth, I should say, from its appearance, that it is navigable. We saw lying before us a fine open country, but were not in a state to explore further, and quite unable to cope with any strong party of the villainous Murray Blacks, had we fallen in with them." Thus far successful, Mr. Russell returned, and, from the perfect knowledge possessed by Orton of the lay of the country, arrived straight within a few miles of a station on the Downs. The paper described the nature of the country passed over, and related an adventure with a party of free blacks, by which it appears that they are cowardly when boldly faced.

The next paper read was an extract of a communication from Mr. Duncan, dated Annamaboe, Dec. 7, 1844. Mr. Duncan, it may be remembered, was master-at-arms on board Capt. Trotter's vessel in the Niger expedition. He sailed from Portsmouth last summer in the *Cygnet*, and landed at Cape Coast, not far from Annamaboe, whence his letter is dated. He states that his health is excellent, notwithstanding the fatigue he undergoes, and the great heat to which he is exposed. Mr. Duncan's intention is to proceed first to the Kong Mountains; but the unsettled state of the Ashantee country has hitherto prevented his proceeding to Coomassie. He, however, expresses his determination to proceed, by making a large canoe, and ascending the Volta. This river, says Mr. Duncan, is of much more importance than is generally supposed; it is only known at its embouchure, but might, if properly surveyed, prove of great advantage to the mercantile world. On the 1st of December, Mr. Duncan started upon a short trip into the interior, accompanied by Mr. Cobold and Mr. S. Brew, the former an English, the latter a native merchant. At a small town, one mile east from Annamaboe, the travellers were graciously received by the king. Proceeding on their road among rocks and bushes, and paths so narrow as to admit only one foot at a time, they reached the beach, travelling on the loose sand, which, under a heat of 115° Fahrenheit, was very fatiguing. Leaving this beach, and striking inwards, they came to the Dutch town of "Small Cormartin," of considerable size, and formerly a place of great trade, having the remains of the Dutch fort still standing, with one battery in good condition. The situation of this fort is better than that of either Cape Coast or Annamaboe, and if in proper condition, would be impregnable against any attack from the natives, however numerous. The streets of the town are very narrow, rocky, and difficult of passage. Passing the town and fort, the path again goes down to the beach, after which a hill to the left is ascended, being 300 feet high, with a large town on the summit, also called "Cor-

martin." Of this town, its inhabitants, and their superstitions, and the travellers' adventures therein, a description is given. About five miles further, the town of Ouro, or Salt-pond, was reached; so named from a salt lake which divides the town. The people were very obliging and hospitable. Previous to the destruction of the place by the Ashantees, it carried on a great trade in salt, procured from the spontaneous evaporation of the lake. After being refreshed, the travellers again started on their way for the river Amissa. They crossed the river Amissa and entered the town of the same name. The king received them very kindly. The paper also describes this place and its people. Leaving it, Mr. Duncan proceeded to Arsafah, crossing, to reach it, another branch of the Amissa. This was Mr. Duncan's farthest in this little trip, whence he returned to Annamaboe. A serious affair had occurred at Danish Acra, which ended in the massacre of several of the inhabitants, and the subsequent revenge inflicted by the townspeople, who brought in thirty heads, among which was that of the native chief, the aggressor. Mr. Duncan being summoned to hear the reply of the king of Ashantee respecting his journey to the Kong mountains, learned that the king would be happy to see him, but could not permit him to proceed beyond Coomassie. He is, however, resolved to carry out his plan. He states incidentally that the Prometheus has captured two very fine slaves; and that, within the last two months, the Penelope has also taken two of five which she had in sight at the same time; the other three escaped.

The last paper was a communication by Professor H. Malden, on the comparative geography of the lower course of the Borysthenes and adjacent country. It seems difficult to reconcile the statements of Herodotus with the existing condition of the country; but we cannot abridge a disquisition of this nature, so as to render it intelligible.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Feb. 18th.—Sir J. Rennie, president, in the chair. The paper read was by Mr. de la Garde, with a supplement by Mr. J. Green. It contained a history of the canal of Exeter from the year 1540, when it was first projected, to the present time. In 1563 the Chamber of Exeter engaged John Trew, of Glamorganshire, as their engineer; and under his directions a canal, with pound-locks similar in all essential points to those of the present day, was constructed from Wear to Exeter. The depth of the canal at first was three feet by sixteen feet in width; subsequently, at various periods, as the commerce of the city increased, the dimensions were enlarged; and after an arduous struggle, which extended from the year 1563 until 1835, when the Chamber ceased to exist as a corporate body, it succeeded in perfecting a ship-canal from Turf, near Topsham, on the river Exe, capable of conveying vessels of 500 tons burthen to the quays of Exeter. The latter work was accomplished by Mr. J. Green, whose reports were given, confirmed by those of Mr. Telford. They abounded in interesting illustrations of engineering difficulties and the method of overcoming them. We may mention one: this was in the excavation for the entrance-lock at Turf, which, after being carried to a depth of twenty feet through a stiff alluvial clay without water, was pressed down by the embankment ten feet, and the bottom of the lock-pit rose to a greater height than the sides, exhibiting on its surface peat moss, marine plants, fern, &c. A complete kerbing, or

sheathing of whole timber piles was therefore driven, the same being strutted by transverse timbers, and the excavation made, and the lock founded in length between the transverse struts; as it was feared that the pressure of water from the tide would have a tendency to raise the invert and gate platforms, trunks of elm-planking were laid in the rubble masonry forming the bed of the invert, which were carried under and throughout the lock, and terminated in a vertical well beyond the higher gates of the lock; this allowed the sub-water to circulate and rise without obstruction. This is the oldest canal with locks in the kingdom, having been commenced nearly fifty years before the Sankey cut.

Feb. 25th.—The president, Sir J. Rennie, in the chair. The paper by Mr. W. P. Barlow, "On the comparative advantages of atmospheric propulsion on railways," was the result of an examination of the system, with a view to determining as to the propriety of adopting it on the Tunbridge Wells branch of the South-Eastern Railway. The author first examined the comparative advantages of the atmospheric over that of traction by a rope; and then he stated the reasons for supposing it to be inferior to the locomotive system. He premised that, on lines similar to the Greenwich and Blackwall, where the traffic was nearly uniform, and at short intervals, the power used admitted of mathematical computation; but that on railways generally, the power required must be irregular, both as to the amount and the duration of its employment, and that therefore a power which was restricted to carrying between certain given points only, and certain intervals, would lead to great inconvenience in practice. It would be inconvenient also to have a power which could not be employed for the ordinary repairs of the road, ballasting, removing slips, conveying building materials, working the coal and lime traffic at sidings, moving goods, trucks, carriages, &c. at the stations, all which was done at present by the locomotives with a great saving of time, and of the expense of men and horses. If locomotives were employed for these purposes only, it must be at a great expense, as the keeping up a small locomotive establishment was very costly; and moreover, the gradients and curves of the line must be adapted for working locomotives, and thus do away with one of the great arguments in favour of the atmospheric system. It was contended that the subsidence of embankments, which at present constantly occurs, without interrupting the usual traffic, or being perceived by the passengers, would suffice to rupture the air-pipe, or strain it in such a manner that the valve would not close, and thus a stoppage of the line. Many other and similar practical objections were started against the system, but the main point was in the comparative cost of haulage, when examined with stationary and with the locomotive engines: with the former it was contended that in lines with unfrequent trains the small portion of time the power was actually employed, and the number of hours for which the steam must be kept up, in order to be always ready, would be so disproportionate as to make the stationary-engine system far more expensive than locomotive power. The lines with very steep gradients were of course excluded from this position. It was considered also that with the atmospheric system, steep gradients increased the expense of power in the same ratio, as the power must always be exerted in whatever way it was applied. Several experiments were then given, to shew the great expense of fuel per ton of goods on the atmospheric railway; the results were de-

cidedly in favour of the locomotive. The cost of construction was then examined; and it appeared, that referring to the calculation of the cost of working the London and Birmingham line, to lay down the atmospheric apparatus of a double line, with a pipe of the required area, would not be less than 10,000*l.* per mile, or a total cost of 1,120,000*l.*, the interest of which sum, at five per cent, would be 56,000*l.*, or 500*l.* per mile; which sum nearly equalled the average cost of working the line by locomotives, and was greater than on many lines. In fact, that a contract might be entered into for working a line by locomotive power for the interest of the sum which would be expended in the establishment of an atmospheric apparatus. The general results deduced were in accordance with these observations, and it was assumed that the atmospheric system could be most advantageously adopted on short lines, with frequent traffic, near large towns, where the absence of noise was important; and that railways on steep inclines in one direction, as at Dalkey, were most favourable to the system.

In the discussion which ensued, it was contended that many of the objections urged by Mr. Barlow were not well founded, and that many of the practical difficulties he had advanced had been overcome by the mechanical arrangements now in progress of execution on the more extensive lines which were destined to be worked on the atmospheric system. That both sidings and level crossings were practicable; by a very simple contrivance, a self-acting platform could be so arranged as not only to guarantee the pipe from any injury by the traversing of a cart across the line, but that by the action of the vacuum in the main, a barrier could be raised on the passing of a train which would effectually prevent the traversing of any vehicle, and thus avoid the possibility of accidents. That instead of the assumed liability to be thrown off the rails, it was shewn that, the leading carriage being tied down to the piston, greater security was attained; and that on one occasion the leading carriage on the Dalkey line had started before its time, and had actually traversed the distance at a speed of nearly 70 miles per hour, going round curves 130 to 180 yards radius. That the power stated to have been expended in the conveyance of a given gross load was assumed at too high a ratio, and the fuel also; and that as to the question of cost by haulage, by the adoption of small steam power, worked only for pumping water, to be used only at the time of forming the vacuum for unfrequent or for light trains, a system of propulsion might be established which would be more economical than that by locomotives under the best management. These counter-statements, in direct opposition to the arguments of the paper, were ably supported by the various speakers, at a length which the limits of the report will not permit our giving, and the debate was adjourned until the next meeting.

The following paper was announced to be read:—"Description of the 'Great Britain' steam-ship, with an account of the trial voyages." By Mr. T. R. Guppy.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 17th.—Sir C. Lemon in the chair. The subject for the evening was "A statistical outline of the present system of supplying the metropolis with water," by Mr. J. Fletcher. London, in the first instance, derived its supply of water from shallow wells, from the Wallbrook and other streams descending from the fields to the north of it, and from the Thames itself by

direct carriage. In the reign of Henry III. the corporation obtained liberty to bring water from Tyburn, which they did by means of a six-inch leaden pipe carried to Charing Cross, and thence to several conduits in the city. In 1438 the corporation brought water from Highbury to a conduit opposite Cripplegate church. In the following year the supply to the cisterns at Tyburn was augmented by the waters of some springs at Paddington, obtained from the abbey of Westminster. This continued to be the only great source of supply until the middle of the 16th century, although the water of various springs in the neighbouring fields were brought to supply particular buildings or localities in the city—the conduit at Holborn Cross and on Snow Hill deriving their water from the springs collected into Lamb's Conduit, near the present Red Lion Street; that at Aldgate from springs at Hackney; one in Lothbury from springs between Hoxton and Islington; the Charterhouse from White Conduit Fields, and Christ's Hospital from the Devil's Conduit, north-east of the present Brunswick Square. In 1543 an act was passed to enable the corporation to bring water from Hampstead Heath, St. Marylebone, and Hackney. Nor was it until 1568 that Thames water was raised by machinery for the supply of London. The New River Company supplies all the metropolis north of the Thames from Charing Cross, Tottenham Court Road, and the Hampstead Road, on the west, to the Tower, Shoreditch, and the Kingsland Road, with Dalston, on the east;—the East London Water-works Company, all those portions of the metropolis and its suburbs which lie to the east of the city, Shoreditch, the Kingsland Road, and Dalston; extending their mains even across the River Lea into Essex as far as West Ham;—the Chelsea Water-works Company, the whole of Westminster and the suburb parishes south and west of Charing Cross, Pall Mall, St. James's Street, Park Lane, and the Uxbridge Road, as far as Kensington Palace;—the Grand Junction Water-works Company, the great square of town included by Oxford Street, Princes Street, St. James's Park, the Green Park, and Hyde Park; the Park Square district between the Edgeware Road, the Uxbridge Road, and the Regent's Canal; and a considerable district in the angle formed by the western end of Oxford Street and the southern end of the Edgeware Road;—the West Middlesex Water-works Company, all that portion of the town lying west of Tottenham Court Road and the Hampstead Road, and north of Oxford Street, the Edgeware Road, and the Regent's Canal, with the exception of the part near the junction of Oxford Street and Edgeware Road, which is supplied by the Grand Junction water-works; the West Middlesex water-works also supply Bayswater and the suburban parishes of Kensington, Fulham, Hammersmith, and Chiswick;—the South-west water-works, nearly the whole of the parishes of St. George's and St. Saviour's, Southwark;—the Lambeth Water-works Company, the whole of the parish of Lambeth and parts adjacent;—the South London Water-works Company, which is also called the Vauxhall Water-works Company, it was calculated in 1830, supplied above 300,000,000 of gallons. In addition to the works mentioned, there are the Kent water-works, which supply Deptford, Greenwich, Woolwich, and Rotherhithe. The quantity of water raised by the eight great metropolitan companies in 1833 appears to have been equal to 357,288,807 imperial barrels; the number of houses and buildings supplied, 191,066; and the average daily supply above 35,000,000 of gallons, or 183 gallons to each person served

on the average. It is conveyed into all parts of the town by main-pipes, out of which diverge smaller pipes, called service-pipes, for the supply each of a certain number of houses, into the cisterns of which it is conveyed from the service-pipes by smaller leaden-pipes. By alternately opening and closing the communications between the main-pipes and the service-pipes in their whole series, the water is delivered in equal quantity to the remotest as to the nearest habitations; and each main is penetrated at short distances by fire-plugs of two inches in diameter, by which a strong volume of water can be poured out into each street merely by drawing them. Mr. Fletcher went deeply and ably into the general subject of waterage, of which we have given but small gleanings.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Feb. 26th.—Mr. Rotch, V.P., in the chair. The secretary read a paper, by Mr. Claudet, "On improvements in the manufacture of glass for optical purposes." Heretofore the manufacture of glass fit for the purpose of the optician has been a matter involving great uncertainty and difficulty; and, in fact, it was not till the year 1744 that it was accomplished with any degree of success. About this time, however, a Swiss named Guinaud, in making some experiments upon the construction of the telescope, found the extreme difficulty of procuring glass fit for lenses: this difficulty led him to endeavour to make glass for himself; and from his labours arose the first process by which glass could be made with certainty sufficiently good in quality for the construction of optical instruments. With the death of Guinaud his secret was partially lost; and although many able experimentalists have since given their attention to the subject, no satisfactory results have been obtained until the present time. The invention which forms the subject of Mr. Claudet's paper is founded upon the process of Guinaud, and is due to a French glass manufacturer named Bontemps, whose attention was first directed to the subject by the son of Guinaud himself. The chief defect in optical glass consisted in striae and spots: these arose from the great difficulty of properly mixing the materials when in a state of fusion: it was impossible to stir the melted mass, because the temperature was so high as to destroy instruments of metal, and besides, by introducing it into the glass, it would have been tinged with colour according to the nature of the metal employed. The method used by Mr. Bontemps is to introduce the iron rod, used in stirring, into a clay cylinder closed at one end, so that the glass is entirely protected from the injurious action of the iron, and the ingredients are most effectually mingled; the glass is then suffered to cool gradually, the crucible broken with care, and the mass sawed transversely into slices, so that lenses may be obtained of the diameter of the crucible. Very large lenses have been produced by these means; and two of a metre in diameter are now in progress of manufacture for the Royal Observatory at Paris.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 19.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—W. W. Blackwell, Trinity College; C. Braddy, St. John's Coll.; R. Woosnam, Caius Coll. *Bachelors of Arts*.—G. N. Clark, Corpus Christi College; W. J. W. Bastard, Magdalene College.

THE ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

THE battle of these Ancients is, it seems, to be fought out. On one hand, the treasurer has

summoned a general meeting of the members for Wednesday evening next, and the advertisement is signed by Mr. R. Smith, whose name has always hitherto appeared in the public proceedings as honorary secretary. But there was an Adelphi in this case; and Mr. Albert Way, the leader of the malcontents, was up to this period a nominal, and, so to say, sleeping partner in the post of honorary secretary too. On the strength of this appointment, and his majority in the council, he has taken upon himself to carry on the proceedings during the past week, summoning a meeting of his confederates as the council, after an intimation from the treasurer and other secretary, that in consequence of a numerous signed requisition for a general meeting, none would be held. The usual place of resort, Mr. Pettigrew's, being thus closed, the party met in a new locality in Great George Street, where a friend of ours, and one of their body, has convenient rooms for a much larger gathering. So the game is all upon the cards; and it remains to be seen who has authority to settle this ugly business.

Since penning this we are informed that the Malcontents have had several meetings, and are planning how they may best thwart the general meeting, and set the authorised officers of the Association at defiance. If Messrs. Way, Hawkins, Blore, and Company are the British Archaeological Association, good and well; but most of the members must wish they had known it before, and had seen or heard something of these parties in their proceedings.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Entomological, 8 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Syro-Egyptian, 7½ P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (soirée).
Thursday.—Zoological, 3 P.M.; Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (discussion).
Saturday.—Royal Botanic, 4 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.; Medical (anniversary meeting), 4 P.M.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ANTIQUITIES AT CHORSABAD.

Constantinople, end of January, 1845.

M. FLANDIN's drawings of all the antiquities excavated at Chorsabad, which we had the good fortune to see a few days ago, are calculated greatly to interest the public in general, as well as antiquarians. The abundance of the materials is equal to their variety: the manners and customs, the religion, the art of war, the costumes, and the instruments of the people who built the palace at Chorsabad, the ruins of which are now brought to light—are here delineated in faithful copies of all the bas-reliefs that have been discovered. The principal figure, in most of them, is a sovereign, king, or hero. On his head he wears the tiara; his forehead is low and prominent, his eyebrows thick; his hair and beard fall straight on the shoulder and breast, terminating in large ringlets. The dress, which appears to have been extremely magnificent, consists of a richly embroidered tunic, and an upper garment resembling the surplice of a Roman Catholic priest. This figure appears sometimes engaged in combat, and driving his enemies before him; sometimes sitting on a chair at an entertainment; sometimes in a solemn procession, guiding a chariot drawn by four horses abreast, with a servant walking before, who is distinguished by his stature as appearing above the horses. Near to the hero, or prince, there is almost always the figure of a

man without a beard, who generally bears a club, often performs other services, and has much the appearance of an eunuch. Among the many figures of combatants, there is frequently a shield-bearer, under whose protection another warrior draws his bow or shakes his lance. There are no female figures whatever, excepting one, which is not very distinct—she holds up a child in her arm. Extremely remarkable are the bulls with human heads, 15 feet high, of which your correspondent mentions six as in a state of perfect preservation. An hundred and twenty others have since been excavated. They are not statues, but in high relief, the profile often projecting considerably. Most of them have five feet, so contrived that, from whatever side you look at them, one foot being hid by another, four feet are always to be seen. Another figure, probably that of a god, has in his right hand a crooked weapon, and with the left hand drags a lion towards him. We know not what to think of the proficiency of the Assyrian sculptor, when we compare the admirable workmanship of the face and body of the lion with the manner in which the nearly outspread wings are attached to many of the figures. The wings always extend to the right and left of the figure, whether it is represented in full or in half profile. A similar contortion appears in the feet of the figures, which are otherwise of good workmanship.

M. Botta has now entirely given up the opinion which he at first entertained, that the alabaster plates, which covered the walls of the fourteen halls or chambers that have been discovered, and which are covered in front with sculpture, and at the back with arrow-headed characters, formerly belonged to another building; his reason for this (which it is not easy to dispute) is, that those alabaster plates which form the angles of all the halls, have the two faces which constitute the corners hewn out of one piece, and have always at the back an inscription which runs round the corner. Hence it appears that they were made expressly for the palace of Chorsabad, since it cannot be supposed that chance supplied the architects, for all the corners without exception, with slabs or plates already covered with inscriptions. Botta's first opinion was formed before he had found these corner-plates. The statement that the inscriptions on the back are Babylonian need not confuse us, so long as it is only an hypothesis. To explain why these inscriptions were so placed that they could never be seen while the building remained entire, we need only suppose that their contents are of a talismanic, religious, or mystical nature, and were purposely concealed, like the idols which M. Flandin found in deep recesses in the walls, and which could not be got at as long as the walls remained entire. The total length of the inscriptions which have been discovered is 2500 yards; and all have been accurately copied by M. Botta. It is hoped that when they are deciphered they will clear up many points which are at present unintelligible.

[To be continued in our next.]

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

[Third notice.]

No. 5. "A Road-side Forge." S. R. Percy.—Though small, is a sweet green spot, which does credit to the artist; and in the other rooms we observe several of his productions of similar fresh and natural character, and deserving of similar praise.

[We may here note of these, and of many

others, especially when "done in little," that when they are hung high up above the range of the eye, it is impossible to speak of their qualities at all, and when low down, nearly on the ground, we can only give an opinion doubtfully concerning them. Thus we may, possibly, pass over unrecorded many a meritorious performance.]

No. 10. "Gipsies." J. Gilbert.—A cleverly grouped and well-composed picture, pairing with 27, Müller's Xanthian sketch. At first sight, however, we fancied it was a midnight meeting of cardinals in their red robes; especially as we observed a few pretty girls (particularly one in black on the ground at the left-hand corner) among them. In short, the glare of red is too great and prevalent, and the gipsy character is not preserved individually throughout.

No. 14. "Hope's Crisis." Alexander Johnston.—A domestic scene in humble life; rather too high up to allow us to ascertain the expression in the lover and lass. Their attitudes are telling, and the two children on one side, and the peeping matron on the other, seem to tell the story fairly. 248. "Reading," by the same, is a pleasant subject.

No. 19. "A Native of Salomia." S. A. Hart, R.A.—A good portrait, and a good study of costume.

No. 35. "A Scriptural Group." H. Le Jeune.—Representing natives of Syria rejoicing under their fig-trees and vines. The figures are academically arranged, and the glowing landscape appropriate. Altogether a very agreeable piece.

No. 38. "Una Ghirlandia di Roma." Amb. Jérôme.—A commendable performance without any peculiar feature for remark.

No. 45. "Scene in Devonshire." F. C. Lewis.—In Mr. Calmady's grounds at Langdon Hall, which appear to be beautifully wooded and watered. But for the glory of this landscape, give Us the Ducks! There they are swimming, standing on one leg or other under the trees, wading, dressing their feathers, &c. &c.; the brightest of ducks that ever speckled and adorned so wide and quietly-toned a canvass.

No. 50. "Parisina." F. M. Brown.—A brown mistake; not so.

No. 55. "El-traps." A. W. Williams.—A sylvan piece of Thames scenery, where the Thames is fairest. 159 is another sweet landscape from the same pencil.

No. 56. "Rinaldo and Armida." E. B. Morris: and 436, 445, the last, "Caractacus before Claudius." Mr. Morris aims high, and deserves high encouragement; though we fear these efforts are not of a kind to meet with it. They possess none of the little attractions which find so ready a market amongst amateurs; but still they have an energy about them, and a certain degree of talent, belonging to the superior class of art, which are very honourable to the artist.

No. 62. "Sea Beach." Alexander Frazer.—A tasteful composition in Mr. Frazer's homely and truthful style. The beings on the shore care little for the boundless element before them; their ideas are bounded within smaller compass.

No. 67. . . . W. Bowness.—A female with a fine child at her back, and painted with considerable talent; but it does not tell the story of the old song quoted for it. The painter differs much from the poet.

No. 75. "Near Reading, Berks." A. Priest.—A rather dark, but well-executed landscape.

No. 84. "Melody." C. Dukes.—A pretty little rustic group, of a boyish pipe-player and peasant maid.

No. 88. "The Pets." S. W. Reynolds.—A nice girl, with a spaniel, and, we believe, a cockatoo. There is not much general interest in such subjects, and if their treatment is not of a very high order, they produce nothing beyond a pleasing sensation at a passing glance.

In the south room, our early notice is attracted by—

No. 379. "The Fife-shire Coast." J. Wilson.—One of his Scottish transcripts from nature, which, like Nos. 406 and 505 (Normandy), display a discriminating taste and a feeling hand.

No. 380, "Pirara, an Indian Village." E. A. Goodall, with a striking effect from its horizontal o'er-topping, and umbrageous canopy, the foreground being enlivened by Indian objects, and the middle distance cleverly painted between the two. 150 is another production of Mr. Goodall's, of nearly equal merit, though not so remarkable in form.

No. 394. "The Crowning of Henry VII. on Bosworth field." F. C. Turner.—A spirited battle-piece in the style of Wouvermans. He has also 181, "an Arab Family," well worthy of a favourable report.

No. 395. "The Angler's Enemy landing a Trout." J. Giles, R.S.A. Another, with a trout in his mouth, and both perfect likenesses; but surely the trout should gasp a little. 135, "Glen Dee in Mar Forest," by the same, is all on fire, but with a fine effect.

No. 401. "The Gate of the Harem." F. Danby, A.R.A.—A grandly poetic scene, replete with feeling. The dark gloom of the building contrasted with the lovely moon sailing in the sky, produces an emotion similar to the perusal of an exquisite composition, or view of a finely-acted dramatic scene. The sunlight reflected on the ancient palace-windows is another fine artistic contrast to the mild beams of the moon. It is a charming picture.

No. 409. "Highland Refugees, &c." Mrs. M'Ian, is, however, far more affecting, and perhaps, for touching the heart, is unequalled in the exhibition. A haggard man and sorely distressed female companion escaped from the "45," look from the coast of Normandy their "farewell to Lochaber." There is a barren wildness in the scenery around, and a pathos and expression in the exiles, which can hardly be surpassed.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH

DEPARTED this life last Saturday night between 11 and 12 o'clock, after a long illness, which had ultimately left little or no hope of a recovery. Memoirs of him have appeared in every journal, and, awaiting a circumstantial biography, which is sure to be published of so remarkable a man, we shall very shortly recapitulate the leading points of his life. He was born at Woodford, Essex, in 1768, though of Devonshire parentage, and educated at Winchester School and New College, Oxford, where he took honours and afterwards enjoyed a fellowship. Intending to reside for some time at Weimar with a pupil entrusted to his charge, the project was defeated by the war in Germany, and Mr. Smith went to reside in Edinburgh, where he remained for five years, officiating as an episcopal minister there. He became the associate of the youths, many of whom have since been so highly distinguished, who founded the *Edinburgh Review*, the idea of which proceeded from his suggestion. He was its first editor, and throughout his whole career a regular contributor; and his papers have been selected and published in a separate form. In 1803 he settled in London, became a very popular

preacher, and also a lecturer on Belles Lettres at the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street. He obtained church-preference, and married Miss Pybus, daughter of the banker of that name. In 1806, when the Roman Catholic discussion raged with intense heat, he published his famous "Letters of Peter Plymley," which had considerable effect on the content, and continue to be read as fine specimens of gladiatorial English, combining powerful argument with exuberant fancy and humour. All his writings, indeed, partake of this mixed character; and those of his later period in particular are more than before highly seasoned with pointed wit and jocularity, helping out and giving poignancy to his reasoning. In social life, as in his publications, he overflowed with a humour worthy of Rabelais. There was no preparing nor getting-up in him; the happiest of epigrams, illustrations, repartees, and jests, were natural and spontaneous; and he was as delightful over a cup of tea with two or three relatives or friends, as in the most brilliant meetings of the sayers of good things. It would require no small volume to contain the thousands of pertinent and laughable facetiæ which have fallen from his lips, and pen in epistolary correspondence. It was not many days before his death that he wrote to a friend, "I am so tired of slops that I earnestly wish they would only allow me a butterfly roasted whole for a solid change." No disease could extinguish the flash of that dancing *ignis-fatuus* spirit, with which it often happened that there was not a word but a jest, and every jest but a word. In politics Mr. Smith was ever a staunch Whig; though on Lord John Russell's measure of church reform, which touched Deans and Chapters, he turned fiercely on his party's leader, and let loose upon him all his thunder and all his ridicule. On the Pennsylvanian repudiation he also wrote with similar bitterness and irresistible mockery;—both treasured upon pocket.

Mr. Smith was a canon-residentiary of St. Paul's, and held the living of Combe Florey in Somersetshire, where he enjoyed, during the season, the *otium cum dignitate* and quiet pleasures of a sweet country life.

In him one of the most shining lights of our age has gone out. So agreeable a man in society, so incomparable in conversational powers, so redolent of the finest wit and revelling in inexhaustible drollery, we shall not meet again; and though it could never be said, as in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, "I hear the parson is no jester," yet in all his private relations of life and in his religious duties there is not a syllable to be alleged derogatory to the memory of Sydney Smith. He was wise as well as merry, high-principled as well as playful, and humane, and just, and exemplary throughout every aspect of his long and active life.

SIR FOWELL BUXTON.

THE death of this gentleman, which took place last week, has been feelingly noticed in the House of Commons, where a debate on the sugar-duties naturally led to the remembrance of his zealous efforts for the abolition of slavery. His many pamphlets, essays, and other publications on this subject, entitle him to a brief notice, as a literary man, in the *Literary Gazette*, which has often had reference to his writings.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON'S SOIRÉES.

THE first soirée of the season, on Saturday last, was crowded with royal, noble, and distinguished persons, men of title, men of letters and of

science, military and naval men, members of parliament, travellers, artists, &c. &c. On the tables and about the rooms were numerous objects of novelty and interest; a fac-simile of the Barberini, or Portland Vase—one of the few taken by Tassie from the mould of the original, by Pichler, presented by the late Duchess of Gordon to Dr. Copland, Professor of Marischal College, Aberdeen; a beautiful circular table, made of various British woods, radiating from the centre, prepared and tinted by Payne's patent for the preservation and improvement of wood, some of the softest kinds being made to bear a high polish; mosaic floorings of opaque coloured glass, wrought into numerous devices, and presenting a very pleasing effect; some exquisite wood-carvings by Mr. W. G. Rogers, especially a boldly carved trophy of the regalia of Charles I., prepared for the occasion, and two specimens of dead game, than which nothing could be more bold and natural; a bust in ivory, from an early model of Chantrey's, by Mr. Cheverton, produced by a mechanical carving process, peculiar to himself, of the late Professor Playfair of Edinburgh. Mr. Cheverton has also recently applied his art, which he terms "Mechanical Sculpture," to the reduction of large statues to a size suitable for table bronzes, and has thus enabled the "London Art-Union" to obtain, as a model for their bronze distribution-prize, a mathematically correct miniature copy of Mr. J. H. Foley's beautiful statue of the "Boy at the Stream," which was exhibited last year at Westminster Hall, and obtained the approbation of the Commissioners of the Fine Arts.

THE DRAMA.

Haymarket.—On Monday was produced here, and since repeated every night with increasing popularity, a three-act comedy by Mr. R. B. Peake, called the *Sheriff of the County*, and one of the merriest and pleasantest we have witnessed for many a season. It is founded on natural passions and follies of mankind; and the dash of the grotesque in the lower characters is just such a spicing as we should expect from the quaint and abundant humour of the author. The ambition of a country squire's lady, *Mrs. Holly Lodge* (Mrs. Glover), to outvie her neighbour, *Lady Winkleworth* (Mrs. W. Clifford), who is the Mrs. Grundy on her path, is the main-spring of the action; and she is toadied and abetted in her schemes by a tricky attorney, her brother, *Mr. Smirker* (Strickland), and an obsequious attendant and distant relative, *Crawley* (Mrs. Humby); with a *lITTLE* following by the two *Miss Holly Lodges*. The husband (Farren) is the antipode to ambition; fond of the utmost quietude, and feeding his pigeons and bantams. The attorney, however, succeeds in procuring the nomination to the shrievalty; and to ensure its triumph in all the details, brings down from London a lord-mayor's footman, *Nonpareil* (Webster), to drill the rustic servants, *Panay* (Buckstone) and *Andrew* (Widdicombe), and also a state-carriage, new liveries, court-suits, and every other requisite paraphernalia. The blunderings which ensue, both in the upper ranks and among the menials, are diverting from beginning to end, and raise many a hearty laugh; whilst an interesting underplot is enacted by the deserted sister of the squire (Mrs. E. Yarnold), and her son and daughter (Howe and Miss Bennett), whose misfortunes are brought to an end with the *dénouement* of the livelier affairs, and the curtain falls to rounds of plaudits. And if the piece be thoroughly entertaining, we may state that it is admirably acted. Mrs. Glover gives another proof of what the true *vis comica*

of the good old English school did do. Farren shews the studied artist throughout. Webster is capital in an original notion; and Buckstone as full of fun as could be desired. Mrs. Humby is no less diverting; and all the less prominent parts are acted ably up to these leading characters.

Princess's.—The considerable impression made here by Miss Cushman, the difference of opinion raised by English taste *versus* Mr. Forrest's readings of *Othello*, *Macbeth*, &c., and the increasing popularity attached to Mr. Graham's greatly improved style of acting, render the Princess's Theatre at this time a subject of common discussion in dramatic circles. Miss Cushman's peculiar talent, carrying the audience with her by sheer energy of action and intensity of feeling, and making, ever and anon, most powerful hits in the delivery of a few brief words, displays the material for a much greater actress than she yet is. We mean not to depreciate her, nor to underrate the effect she so constantly produces; but she must, to approach the Siddonian standard, study deeply the shadowings and refinements of her arduous profession. In it lie hidden subtleties which nature, however strong, cannot touch; they belong to the perfection of art, to the observance of the best models, and to earnest application in practice of the ideas suggested by them—not imitation. The chief ornament, if not the original, of the most successful efforts in one of the striking features of this modern manner, is no doubt *Mlle. Rachel*; for though Miss Cushman has learned much from having performed with Macready in America, it is obvious to us that the Rachel manner, if not from having seen, at least from having heard criticisms on that Star, is familiar to the mind of the Transatlantic heroine. For want of a better name, we may call this *THE SCRAP SCHOOL*. It does not so much consist of a comprehensive view of the entire play, and exact embodiment of the whole character, of the bearings of the one upon the other, and of the general harmony of the representation; nor, indeed, of individual idiocracy; but it relies mainly on startling points elicited from quiet middle-ground and level declamation. The quick lightning bursts from the uniform dull cloud; and we are electrified with the shock. The poetical passage, the single phrase, or the particular situation, are marked out for this feat; and the theatre rings with enthusiastic applause. Now, though this is effective art, it is not the highest and the truest; and to be at the top, Miss Cushman must unlearn something, and acquire a wider scope for the exercise of her unquestionable abilities. She can be whatever she pleases to be; and with little else than ordinary attention, not inflated by the approbation she has already so justly earned, she will be without a rival near the throne as a queen in the most elevated walks of the tragic Muse.—Of Mr. Forrest we wish we could say nothing, or that he would care for what we said. He exaggerates *the Scrap School* (where it is only a slight failure in the road to excellence on the part of the lady), and his transitions from a whisper to a roar are absolutely ludicrous. There is no touch of the natural in such violent contrasts. Neither *Othello* nor *Macbeth* ever dreamt of smothering their breath and shouting alternately; but if they had, the actor who personates them on the stage must be very chary of doing so. For they spoke to those about them, and he has to address the near pit, the surrounding boxes, and the distant galleries, into the back ears of which no low whisper can ascend. It is extremely difficult (and an evil

belonging to our largest theatres) to reconcile the voice to these localities; but to plunge into the opposite extreme, and disregard them altogether, is a fatal mistake, and one which is destroying all that might otherwise have resulted from a more judicious and healthful display of Mr. Forrest's acknowledged talents.—Respecting Mr. Graham, we shall merely repeat, that he has made, and is making, rapid progress in his course, and is a most praiseworthy and efficient supporter of a line of characters second only to the first, without which few good tragedies could be put upon the stage. He is therefore far beyond the useful and ornamental—a sterling and valuable performer.

Since the above was written, we have been to see Miss Cushman as *Rosalind*, in "*As you like it*," a part which requires the display of light graceful comedy, mingled with considerable pathos. Her development of this character confirms the impression we have formed of her powers, which, with all her errors of judgment in their use, are certainly of a very high order. In particular scenes her acting displayed great intelligence, and if, to our taste, the part was played a little too much in the free and easy style, it shewed a thorough study and appreciation of the manner in which she intended to carry her conception of it out. The piece was altogether well acted, much better indeed than we expected. Wallack was clear and sententious as *Jagges*, W. Lacy easy and moderate as *Orlando*, and Compton, with a hardness that may be pardonable, original and effective as *Touchstone*.

Adelphi.—A slight farce with the quaint title of *Mother and Daughter are doing well* was added to the attractive performances here on Monday. It was successful, which was mainly attributable to the humorous acting of Mr. Wright in the chief part, which he sustained with much humour from first to last, even to the announcement that it would be repeated every evening till further notice. It is written by Mr. Morton.

Olympic.—*La Dame de St. Tropez* has been anglicised at this theatre, Miss Davenport playing the heroine with much feeling. The play, however, is almost too revolting for English tastes, and even her clever acting could hardly render it palatable.

French Theatre.—In *Don Cesar de Bazon*, which Mr. Lemaitre personated on Monday, he more than realised our report of his talents. Every look and movement is evidence of most careful previous study, and, in the early portion of the play, we seem to perceive this perhaps too clearly; but as the actor warms in the character and develops his infinite resources, we entirely lose sight of the preparation, and see only before us the perfect mastery which carries all along with it, leaving not a moment for a thought of the means. His bye-play is, if possible, more excellent than his direct speech and action; but the whole is finished and faultless. *Mlle. Clarisse* in her own *La Maritana* is full of grave tenderness; and the other parts, now so well known to English playgoers, are sustained with general ability and effect, greatly to the credit of this company. It is a fine treat, and we were glad, that one so truly relishable had superseded the disagreeable poisoners.

Mr. Benedic's Concert, at the Hanover Square rooms, which we have too long delayed to notice, afforded a rich treat to a very crowded audience. The main feature was that admirable musician's playing the piano, fitted with Coleman's æolian attachment, which we described in a former *Gazette*. The merit of this invention consists in the independent way in which either piano

or æolian may be used, in its *sostenuto*, and perhaps more than all, in the very close imitation of the sound produced from the wires, the expression or "timbre" of the two sounds being quite similar. The performance of Rossini's *Fide e la Carita* for the first time was very interesting, and it was very well sung by the fair artists. *La Carita* is a very delightful composition, full of light-hearted happy strains; the singing was good throughout, and the Distins earned loud praises.

Mr. Lover's Irish Entertainments.—On Monday evening Mr. Lover brought out a new variation of his popular entertainments at the Hanover Square Rooms, which were filled on the occasion. To be more successful than he has been is no easy matter; but we really think the laughter and applause which attended his humorous stories, and his lyrical nature and pathos, this evening even exceeded the encouragement given to his earlier efforts. And such encouragement operates as a powerful stimulus on public performances, and always tends to make them more effective from the augmented spirit infused into the performer. Thus it happened that with his old public favourites Mr. Lover was most successful, and the new songs he introduced quite captivated his auditors. And no wonder that the novelties made such a sensation, when such charming additions, in music and in words, to the old stock were found amongst them:

THE ROAD OF LIFE; OR, SONG OF THE IRISH POST-BOY.

O YOUTH, happy Youth! what a blessing!
In thy freshness of dawn and of dew;
When hope the young heart is caressing,
And our griefs are but light and but few!
Yet in life, as it swiftly flies o'er us,
Some musing for sadness we find:
In youth—we've our troubles before us;
In age—we leave pleasure behind.
Ay, Trouble's the post-boy that drives us
Up hill, till we get to the top;
While Joy's an old servant behind us,
We call on for ever to stop;
"Oh, put on the drag, Joy, my jewel,
As long as the sunset still glows,
Before it is dark 't would be cruel
To haste to the hill-foot's repose."
But there stands an inn we must stop at—
An extinguisher swings for the sign;
That house is but cold and but narrow,
But the prospect beyond it's divine!
And there, whence there's never returning,
When we travel, as travel we must,
May the gates be all free for our journey,
And the tears of our friends lay the dust.

VARITIES.

University College, London.—The annual meeting of the council was held on Wednesday—Lord Auckland, V.P., in the chair—and a satisfactory report was read by the secretary. The school appeared to be increasing in various departments; and the expenditure left a balance of receipts amounting to nearly 1000*l*. The officers, &c., were elected or re-elected for the ensuing year.

Distressed Needlewomen.—The ball, advertised in our last *Gazette*, for the benefit of that numerous, lowly, hard-wrought, and half-starved class of females, on whose behalf Hood wrote his touching "*Song of a Shirt*," went off most satisfactorily, at the London Tavern, where everything was liberally provided by Messrs. Barthe and Breach to promote the success of the design. About 1000*l*. was collected for this truly benevolent object; though we are afraid that 10,000*l*. might be most humanely expended in the same good work, and yet leave many sad sufferers unassured. We trust they will not be lost sight of after this public effort.

Sales of Art.—Messrs. Christie on Wednesday sold a very interesting collection of old

prints, some of them very rare and valuable. Thursday and yesterday saw the distribution of many curious articles of Persian and Oriental art belonging to the late family of Impey; and to-day there are some fine pictures. One by Nunzio Ferrajuoli is a remarkable prototype of Canaletto; and specimens of Jan Asselin and J. H. Roos are perfect of their kind, showing all the skill by which these artists obtained their reputation.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot undertake to tell "a constant reader" where the best tuition sought for is to be obtained; but if good and sufficient instruction is required, we will answer any private note.

Our Reports (Arts and Sciences) were so numerous, that we were compelled to let the Royal Institution, Geological, &c. stand over for a week.

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